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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Erwin Schroedinger, author of "What Is Life?" (See page 7)

Victory Without Peace

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

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MAX M. LASERSON

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SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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The warm, uncritical years

EDITORS of children's books work hard for their audiences of American youth, as witness the publishing lists of every year, filled with new and exciting products, or old and well-loved products in new and beautiful dress. Children's book editors bring much skill to their jobs. They all make constant use of the public library as a laboratory of research into youngsters' reading habits. They know what children have liked over many decades, and they have read thousands of these books. They have the judgment to know what will appeal to what ages, and they are virtually art critics in their knowledge of illustration —the kinds of pictures in books that appeal to the average child. More than any other editorial job in publishing, the children's editor's is highly specialized. Yet not one of them can be certain, when they put out a new book, whether it will last overnight, a year, a decade, or five generations.

That it takes the kind of skill children's editors possess to reach a market of readers who approach books with no intellectual critical standards is another odd contradiction in our business. Not one "juvenile" editor in the country hasn't wished at some time or other that he had the incredible prescience of the avid eight-year-old reader. Children are the original and perpetual exponents of the simple theory that one doesn't know anything about it but one does know what one likes. In the realm of adult books, the critical reception from reviewers and readers is a conscious and measured process, and the popularity of a book depends not only on intellectual appraisal but on the vagaries of tastes, opinions, vanities and pressures that go to make up a public mood. Children, whose only standards center in whether a book is real, and therefore enjoyable to them, have the most astonishing record of picking the books that live.

Consider the books adults buy today, simply because of their childhood memories. Beth and Jo, Meg and Amy, who have lived so vigorously in the minds of girls for nearly eighty years, are still making friends in a world of radios and movies because grandmothers remember. (And if girls today didn't like LITTLE WOMEN, they'd never read it, grandmothers notwithstanding.) In the past sixty years thousands of children have plodded up the mountain beside Heidi, and the elders who remember that experience pass it on to still another generation. Adults remember John Silver, Tom Sawyer, Mowgli, The Mad Hatter, Cinderella, and the Snow Queen; year after year these books sell in great quantity.

Of course, the books that children have loved have not always been Literature with a capital L. Longtime favorites such as TOBY TYLER, THE FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS, or JOLLY GOOD TIMES would fail most literary tests, but they still survive in the affections of otherwise sophisticated adults who knew them in their warm and uncritical years. We know a lot of so-called literary folk who are still amazed and somewhat ashamed to recall the depth of emotion with which they read the endless volumes about Elsie Dinsmore.

Children do not formulate their standards of criticism, but they have them, and the books that meet these standards are those that live. What does the formula consist of? The qualities of warmth, emotion, and sincerity are fundamental. Our finest children's books are the stories that touch the heart and the imagination and the child's own experience. A struggle into which the youngster can enter with sympathy must form the plot—whether it is a struggle to keep DANDELION COTTAGE as a playhouse, or THE SECRET BROTHER for his own, the reader has to feel that he has a stake in the decision. Children find a satisfaction, too, in the feeling of security in family life, in books as well as in their own existence. The warmth and solidity of family affection makes LITTLE WOMEN as desirable to young readers as the March's fireside was to Laurie, the boy next door. Dorothy Canfield's UNDERSTOOD BETSY has the same steadfast spirit. Do you remember Betsy's breathless terror when she is given the reins and the responsibility for driving the old horse on a country road; and her soaring pride when he actually obeys her little tug on the lines? For the first time in her life Betsy is standing on her own, and the girl reader glows with the same pride. At once she is on Betsy's side, striving with her to overcome timidity, and she feels the support and protection of the family love for Betsy.

Sometimes it is the spirit of simple kindness in a story that makes it vital. Kindliness is the essence of DR. DOOLITTLE, MARY POPPINS, WINNIE THE POOH. Yet children are not softies. Any child who listens to the radio, goes to movies, and reads the comics has a certain toughness. Children like humor, sometimes humor that seems brutal to adults if adults forget that the concept of brutality is strange to the young mind. Children like fantastic humor, too, but seldom does the writer who attempts this genre succeed in producing it. There are notable exceptions, from ALICE IN WONDERLAND to E. B. White's STUART LITTLE.

To sum up what seems to us to make children's books live: it looks like a combination of warmth, sincerity, emotion, personal experience, sympathy, struggle, security, kindliness, humor, the triumph of right over wrong. Well, maybe all this does spell Literature. Whatever it is, our children demand it in their books. It might be a better world if what we asked from life didn't depart too radically from these standards as we grew up.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Victory Without Peace

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE danger of historical parallels is their power to overwhelm the judgment with the pat and triumphant testimony of coincidence. Because an intellectual and moral crisis followed the end of the First World War and because we find ourselves in an intellectual and moral crisis now, some of us talk and act as though the two crises were the same. The generals who made their plans in 1939 to win the war of 1914, and the politicians who are preparing themselves in 1945 to keep from losing the peace of 1919, are no more victims of the revolving door of history than the teachers and the writers who, in the intellectual crisis of the 1940's, undertake to lead the world through the intellectual crisis of a generation past.

Actually the problems of the two times are different problems altogether. The crisis of 1918-19 was a crisis of hope—of hope turned to disappointment. Ours is a crisis of fear—of deliverance shaped as fear. The crisis of 1918-19 was a crisis in which men remembered that they had once talked of peace without victory. Ours is a crisis in which men discover that they are beginning to talk of victory without peace. The world, in the months immediately following the Armistice of 1918, breathed a deeper breath of hope than ever in its history before. What happened afterward was the disappointment of that hope. We, in the months immediately following the complete and crushing destruction of our enemies, feel only apprehension.

What is necessary is an understanding of the causes of that apprehension. Why, having won the greatest and most brilliant victory of human record, do we feel no sense of triumph? Why, having dictated to our enemies the terms of a most abject surrender, do we lack the sense of security? Why, having joined with the nations which want peace in a great and potentially powerful world organization for the maintenance of the peace, do we have so little sense of peace?

There are, of course, obvious answers to these questions. Or, rather, there is one answer which apparently seems obvious to those who care to make it. The answer is Russia. Or the answer is Russia plus the atomic rocket. In the opinion of certain of our fellow countrymen who think of themselves as realistic and fearless facers of the truth, the reason we feel insecure is Russia. The reason we have no sense of peace is Russia. The reason our victory had no triumph is Russia. We have won, in short, the wrong war, and there can be no peace until . . .

The rest of the sentence is left hanging in the air for hate and fear and bigotry to finish.

But the trouble with Russia as the answer to the crisis of our time is that it provides no answer. Russia may undoubtedly become a threat to our security and we to hers. If Russia continues to follow a policy, and if we continue to follow a policy, which between them will create a planet with two poles of power, each with its surrounding satellites and its offshore islands, then the likelihood undoubtedly is that these two poles of power will pull each other into war—and the certainty assuredly is that such a war would be the final and supreme disaster to the world.

But because Russia may become a threat to our security, as we to hers, it does not follow that Russia now is such a threat or ever need be. At the present moment, and for the practicable future, vital American interests conflict with vital Russian interests at no point on the earth's surface. And at the present moment, and for the practicable future, no nation wants war less than Russia, unless it be ourselves. To attribute the apprehensiveness and uncertainty and confusion of our time to the fact that Russia exists is like attributing the aches and pains of rheumatism to the Evil Eye. It is not Russia which creates the apprehensiveness. It is the apprehensiveness which makes of Russia the sinister and menacing figure we are shown so often in the propagandist press. It is because we are already insecure that a great power, half way around the earth, with a demonstrated desire to be left to its own affairs, becomes a threat to our security. Fear concocts the objects of its fear in other lands than Nazi Germany.

THE important question from the point of view of the intellectual and moral crisis of our time is not the question of Russia. It is the question of our confidence in peace. Why do we not believe in it? Why do we mistrust it? Is it because we believed in it once and were deceived? Is it because weapons now exist which can destroy it so easily and so disastrously—and with so little warning? Or is it some doctrine of historical fatality that troubles us? Do we feel, as some among us say they feel, that we are caught in one of those imbalances of time in which no equilibrium is possible—in which the world must inevitably swing from disaster to disaster, each more terrible and more destructive than the last, until the few remaining cinders are left, like the ashes of a ruined cellar hole in a bombed city, to produce the few coarse weeds which will become another life?

It is hard to believe in answers such as these, however earnestly they may be offered. One must think very little of the human race to believe

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that the deception of twenty-five years ago has so conditioned us that we are now incapable of confidence and hope. Even the laboratory animals of the psychologist have more stubbornness in their belief in life than that, and more resistance. Even the lost generations are not lost to shame.

As for the atomic bomb, there is nothing in that discovery, revolutionary and dramatic as it is, to change the fundamental character of the equation. Because you can kill more people more rapidly and with less warning with an atomic rocket than with a fleet of bombers, it does not follow that peace is more improbable, but only that war is not to be endured—which may indeed enlarge the probability of peace.

And the dialectic of inevitable disaster is in no better case. Hitler and his friends must be credited with one murder which the world will not regret. The wooden and metallic nineteenth-century god of history whose immutable social laws enforced themselves of themselves, and whose decrees came true by their own ineluctable logic, lies in a Nurenberg ditch with the rest of the rubble. The loud speakers of the Sportspalast proved to be louder than the proclamation of his laws, and the fatality of his economics proved to be far less fatal even than the pride of race.

The fanatical and ordered mobs which marched not only against the Czechs and Poles and Dutch and French and English but against themselves proved, if the proposition needed proof, that in a time of crisis men will act from passion—even the passions inspired by the bloodiest mythology and the most brutal lies—rather than on the mathematical self-interest either of their kind or of their class or of themselves. To revert now to the defunct theory of an historical necessity, a mystical materialism, to explain the spiritual paralysis of our time is to confess our generation bankrupt. It is true undoubtedly that the weather of the spirit has changed throughout the world as it has changed before in human history so that the people feel it in their bones.

It is not true that the human spirit is the mere victim of these changes or that their causes are causes past our power to control or our responsibility as men to answer for.

BUT in any case there is no need to invoke academic deities or diabolical weapons or mass neuroses of the human mind. There is no need to go beyond the things we know ourselves. The ultimate diagnosis of the reasons

why a great nation finds itself at the conclusion of a successful war in a kind of paralysis of confidence and will may be a matter for posterity to determine, but there are certain facts that even we can see. One is the familiar but sometimes forgotten fact that we fought the war in a division of mind as to the kind of world we expected to reach when the war was over. Another is the fact that neither of the contradictory worlds our divided mind expected has in fact been found.

Publicly, and in our official declarations, we fought the war for a new and better world. Privately, and in our domestic reassurances, we fought the war to return to the world we had.

And now that the war is over and we have won it we have neither world. Or rather we have just enough of each to spoil the other. The new world of the official declarations turns out to be no new world at all. And the old world with the hope of which we comforted ourselves in private, as Odysseus with the hope of Ithaca, is not the old world either. We have returned and there are the faces and the doorways and the streets—for there are still the doorways and the streets in many cities—but it is not Ithaca. It is not what we remembered when we thought of Ithaca.

When the last war ended, whatever the disappointment of our hope for something better, whatever our anxiety for the distant future, we had no doubt of the present substance and reality of the state of peace. The reality was there for any man to touch and feel and look at. You had only to go to live in Paris or London or Florence or even, for a time, Berlin to find yourself in a peace you could recognize as peace because you had lived in it before in peacetime.

With us, at this war's end, it is different. With us it is not easy to go back because, except for a time perhaps in our own country, there is no place left to go back to. There is only the way on. And the way on was not what we meant when we told ourselves we were fighting to keep the world the same for the boys to find when the war was over.

THIS fundamental inconsistency in our two expectations—each disappointed: each disappointing the other—may not altogether explain the apprehension and frustration of this moment. But surely it suggests one fundamental difference between our time and the crisis which followed the last war.

What was at stake a quarter of a century ago was the capacity of American idealism to survive a major disillusionment. What is at stake now is the integrity of the American soul itself.

The contradiction between the public expression of our purpose to fight for the freedom of mankind, and the private expression of our intention to fight for the kind of world we had before, is not a contradiction which will lose its emasculating and destructive power because the war is over. If anything it will become more dangerous than it was.

For if those who propose to substitute for the old American dedication to the cause of freedom a new American dedication to the preservation of the thing they call, not very honestly, "the American way of life"—if those who propose to substitute for the self-evident truths of the American Declaration the self-evident interests of the American status quo—if those who propose this perversion of the American mind succeed, they will do two fatal things. They will destroy the generative force, the historical dynamic, of their country. And they will establish the United States as the negative and reactionary pole of world opinion and world politics.

Both would be disastrous not only to ourselves but to the world. For the most powerful nation of an age to oppose itself to the dominant aspiration of the age would mean that inter-

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national suspicion and mistrust must inevitably increase. When international suspicion and mistrust increase in the world of the atomic bomb the consequence is war. And for any nation, powerful or not, to oppose itself to the aspirations of an age when those aspirations are its own past, its own tradition, its breath and blood and bone, is something even worse than war. It is the betrayal by a people of itself. The betrayal by a people of itself is the ultimate historical crime: the final and the most degrading suicide.

That is one alternative in the choice before us. The other is as generous as that is cowardly, as honest and decent as that is dishonest and lacking in decency. If we will be loyal to the declaration of principle which begot us—if we will refuse either to be frightened or seduced by those who put their faith in nostalgia for the past—if we will trust our own history and the American Proposition, we will find ourselves on the crest of the true wave of the future, the wave that always was the future however the dupes and the fainthearted may have mistaken it For it is precisely our tradition as a people—it is precisely the American Proposition—which now has faith and credit in the world. The automatic gods are dead and men can inherit the earth again if they have the courage and the will. Ours is the great tradition of men, ours is the great hope, ours is the great affirmation

THESE are the stakes at issue in the crisis of the time we live in. They involve the peace of the world, for there is no hope of peace on any other basis than the general freedom of the people They involve the integrity and the survival of this nation, for this nation has no meaning and no reason to exist except the meaning and the reason of the people Unless we are now prepared to accept, not for ourselves alone but for the world, and not for belief alone but for action, the literal and universal truth of the principles that all men are born equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—unless we are prepared to accept these truths, we will lose not only the hope of peace which now is darkened, but ourselves as well. To stand on one side or the other of that choice is the hard and inescapable lot of every one of us.

To stand on the people's side, which was in the beginning and has always been and always must be the American side, is the right of those who have the courage and the will to choose

Probing the Ultimate Mystery

WHAT IS LIFE? By Erwin Schroedinger. New York: The Macmillan Company (Cambridge University Press). 1945. viii & 91 pp. $1.75.

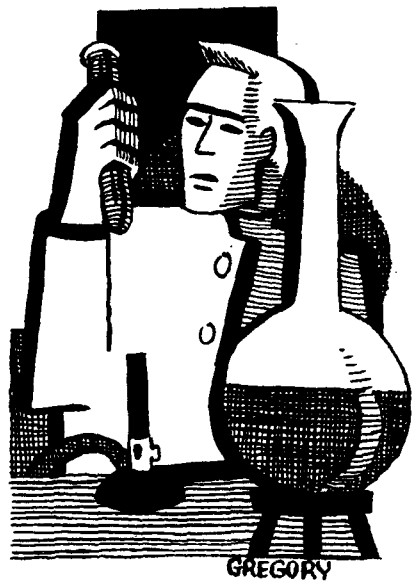
Reviewed by JOHN F. WHARTON

IN the history of writing, a tiny number of instances exist where a short document has profoundly affected human thought and action. Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" and the first Communist Manifesto come immediately to mind. Perhaps a still better example is Willard Gibbs's famous brief paper which revolutionized chemistry. I have been told that the findings of the Abbé Mendel were set forth with comparative brevity. It is interesting to note that the latter two writings went almost unnoticed for nearly fifty years.

The little ninety-page book by Erwin Schroedinger entitled "What Is Life?" may, quite possibly, turn out to be a document to rank with the four mentioned above. It may also suffer the neglect accorded the latter two

Only a few copies have been printed here; most of these have found their way to private ownership; it would probably require some ingenuity to obtain a copy today. But the effort, if you make it, will prove worth your while. Schroedinger, senior professor at the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, shared the 1933 Nobel prize in physics with Professor P. A. M. Dirac of Cambridge.

Whether or not this book puts its author into the ranks of the all-time great, it will give an exciting and much-needed jolt to the complacency of those laymen who believe, in a vague way, that they are reasonably au courant with the latest developments in physics and biology. You are likely to find that you are thirty to forty years out of date on matters of fundamental importance. You may well get the startling sensation, as this reader did, that the affairs of the atomic age are being charted by men whose intellectual maps are as far out of date as are the physical maps of the fifteenth century.



The book is written with such remarkable compactness and economy of style that it would be ridiculous to try to summarize it. The best a reviewer can do is to try to outline some of the major propositions.

Schroedinger begins by demonstrating, with a clarity seldom heretofore duplicated, a vital proposition of modern physics; to wit, that most, if not all, of the order which we observe in the inorganic world is based on random disorder.

Take, for example, the process known as diffusion. Assume that you drop into a glass of water some colored substance dissolved in potassium permanganate, not in uniform concentration, but with a heavier concentration on your left. Stated another way, more molecules of permanganate are poured into the left side than the center, or the right. Leave the solution alone and eventually the permanganate will diffuse in the water—that is, the molecules will spread evenly throughout the water.

This is *not* due, however, to any tendency or force, operating by some divinely imposed "law of nature," which drives some of the molecules out of the crowded areas into the less crowded ones. On the contrary, each molecule follows its own random, indeterminate course, and only by the operation of the laws of chance does it come about that complete diffusion takes place. Yet, when we are dealing with millions of molecules, so certain can we be that the laws of chance will operate this way that we can confidently assert, as a so-called law, that permanganate will diffuse in water.

The accuracy of such a law depends upon the number of molecules, or atoms, involved. If the number is very great, the law will be very accurate. If the number is very small, the law will be so inaccurate as to be unworthy of being called a law. This is basic to Schroedinger's following and more exciting propositions, which deal with living matter

He begins the next proposition with the findings of modern biology on the importance of the chromosomes, and here sheer magic begins. When the female egg is fertilized by the sperm,

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a single-cell living organism exists. Each of us was once such an organism, which, be it noted, is made up of a small number of atoms. In that cell the most important elements are the chromosomes, part of which come from the mother and part from the father. It has been known for years that these chromosomes determine sex and some physical characteristics, but modern biology holds that they determine much more. You inherit not merely physical characteristics, but also the visible and manifest nature of the individual—your whole four-dimensional pattern. All is there in that single cell.

Physical growth takes place by a process in which the first cell divides and forms two cells, which in turn divide. Each new cell carries over intact one part of the parent cell—an exact duplicate of the chromosomes. Mind you, the new cell has new atoms and molecules, but the copy is carried over because the essence of the chromosomes is the *arrangement* of the atoms, not the atoms themselves. Within your body today there is one, and only one, unifying factor—the presence in every cell (with one exception) of the chromosome pattern which was constructed at your conception. It is impossible not to imagine that these are a basic means of communication throughout the body. (The one exception is the reproductive system, which contains only one set of chromosomes, not two.)

The breath-taking magic comes in the next finding. Related to these atomic and molecular arrangements is a specific pattern, or "code-script" (as Schroedinger terms it), that exercises a dominant control upon you and me at every stage of our growing-up—our puberty, the development of sexual urges, our mating, our senility. To use the author's own words:

> The chromosome structures are at the same time instrumental in bringing about the development they foreshadow. They are law-code and executive power—or, to use another simile, they are architect's plan and builder's craft—in one.

In short, they not only set a pattern at conception; they have the power to carry out the pattern which they set.

Let me try to state this point more fully. The chromosome structures determine all the automatic subconscious reflexes that are responsible for the proper operation of the complicated involuntary processes that take place in our bodies. In addition, to them are related all the emerging basic urges, needs, purposes, and desires of which you and I are con-

scious in every moment of our lives, and which are taken heavily into account by us in determining what our next concrete act will be.

Although clearly a digression, it may be wise to say at this place that the author nowhere denies the effect of environment on the living organism. It is obvious, I think, however, that our notions of how environment operates must be sharply affected by these findings.

The chromosome structures are small in size; the material carrier (called a gene) of any specific hereditary feature is probably only a single molecule. It is impossible, therefore, argues Schroedinger, that the so-called laws of inorganic matter (such as the law of diffusion), which require billions of atoms for their statement, can apply to the chromosome structures. Hence, living matter, while perhaps not entirely eluding the established laws of physics, probably involves "other laws of physics," hitherto unknown but capable of being ascertained and understood. (In this connection the author, after stating the modern theory of evolution, which will surprise most readers, ingeniously correlates the principle of quantum mechanics. A discussion of this portion of his thesis would require too much space, but it must be said that it is highly important to his argument.)

To sum up what is perhaps the major thesis: Living matter, unlike inanimate matter, is controlled by a supremely well-ordered group of atoms, which represent only a very

Ode For the Living

By Bridget Dryden

ONCE it was not at all,
then it became.
A first small word, a child that ran and ran;
gold cinquefoil, wayward flame.

Once it was trembling in the bone, a pulse
and strong pull of the tide.
Some day it will be nothing but three words in print.
Where has it fled, the pride

of watchfulness to tend
the sacred Us,
a burning cause, a torch
even in sleep? Merely a change of tense,
and *is* transmuted into *was*?

* * *

The end was born with the beginning,
that cataract of brain,
invisible down its high cliff, lost at the last,
less than May snowflake on a henhouse pane;

than a roan horse's hoof at midnight long ago,
than a November twisty poplar leaf,
than mist momently melting. But no use
in memory or grief

because of such. Although three words, first off,
chill us. That faint electric shock
premonitive is only one of many.
Forget it, turn the lock.

* * *

The eager deep mistaken loving,
the years and years and years
are a withdrawing tide into the ocean; an echo's echo
that no one hears.

Glories of many a love-thrilled and fruit-color dawn
poured in our arms by an impartial Dis
are now as if they had been never, never—
Why trouble over this?

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small fraction of the sum total in every cell. Moreover, they seem to have the astonishing ability to promote order out of order, and thus escape the tendency of the inanimate universe to go over into chaos. These facts, says Schroedinger, "are easily the most interesting that science has revealed in our day."

The possible implications of Schroedinger's work are so widespread that it would take a book much longer than "What Is Life?" to elucidate them. With some diffidence, I shall try to discuss one or two that seem most apparent.

To explain the power of the chromosome structures both to foreshadow and to produce order, it seems necessary to postulate *a purpose to promote order to the inner self of each of us.* This purpose, however, is not an individual, unconnected thing. It was mentioned above that the gene is a molecule embracing a certain arrangement of atoms. Such a gene can be transmitted unchanged for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. The arrangements of the atoms in the chromosome structures are, as Schroedinger shows, the most orderly and nearly eternal things that exist in nature. Hence, the purposes which I embody in my individual organism —for the carrying out of which, for good or evil, I alone am responsible— are also, mysteriously, the purposes of mankind. The history of mankind thus *has* a connected meaning, which, on different assumptions, some historians have found it hard to admit.

ONE field in which the book may prove a landmark is the field of synthesized research. To date, too many specialists have been content to offer merely their findings in their own specialty; hence, no overall truth is made available. A synthesis of Schroedinger's findings with the work of other schools would be enormously valuable.

For example, a small number of scientists throughout the world, of which the Dartmouth Eye Institute is an outstanding example, are working on the problem of perception.

Although thinking men, since the time of Plato, have studied the problem of how we see, feel, taste, hear, or smell anything, no satisfactory answer has resulted. How, for example, do you "see" anything? You have been told that light rays travel from the object to your eyes, where an image—upside down, just to make it more complicated—is formed on the retina. Then, in some mysterious, unexplained way, this is transmitted to the brain and you "see," let us say, an inkwell an arm's length from you; whereupon you reach out and dip your pen in it. But how did your brain learn to take the evidentiary facts involved in that inverted image —which involve the brightness of the light, the smoothness or roughness of the inkwell, the angle from which you survey it, and a host of other factors—and, giving each its proper evidentiary value, inform you that the object is an inkwell an arm's length away?

The Dartmouth Eye Institute does not, at this point, assert that they have final answers to these questions; indeed, it is perhaps unfair to discuss their work in the absence of the scientific demonstrations available at the Institute. However, a few generalizations may be stated. Their research indicates that purpose plays a dominant role. Without purpose, which may be individual or catholic, and without experience, partly our own and partly inherited, the sensation of sight (or any other sensation or perception) would be meaningless and, indeed, perhaps impossible. With a purpose at hand, and past experience to draw on, the so-called subconscious mind can instantaneously weigh the evidentiary factors and prognosticate, for example, that the inkwell is just where the outstretched arm can reach it. Schroedinger's code-script, with its "law code and executive power" which give rise to the urges, needs, purposes, and desires that exist in your or my actual experience, discloses the origin and nature of these purposes that the Dartmouth Eye Institute finds playing such a dominant role in what we see.

If this be true, our educational system needs a thorough overhauling. Almost from the time of Aristotle we have been prone to give undue weight to the power of the conscious mind to arrive at abstract conclusions from the process of logical reasoning. The worst fruit of this belief is evidenced by such episodes as the inquisitory punishments of Torquemada and the burning of witches, which could be supported quite reasonably on the basis of abstract logical reasoning. What we need is to give man a clearer understanding of human purpose, more evidentiary facts, and greater scope for the subconscious mind to weigh the facts and decide. The spectacular success of physicists and chemists, whose specialties are today taught in a manner akin to this, argues strongly in favor of such a method.

LASTLY, some mention should be made of the epilogue which Schroedinger has added to his book. In four and one-half pages he attempts to reconcile the problems of determinism, free will, and immortality. I am quite sure that part of this will be wholly unacceptable to many people, particularly those who still cling— some of them rather desperately—to the idea of the individual soul whose only important aim is to gain admittance to a heaven of somewhat shadowy character. But to those people who desire an immortality related to humanity, yet cannot entirely give up individuality, Schroedinger's closing paragraphs offer much food for thought.

> Yet each of us has the undisputable impression that the sum total of his own experience and memory forms a unit, quite distinct from that of any other person. He refers to it as 'I'. *What is this* 'I'?
>
> If you analyze it closely you will, I think, find that it is just a little bit more than a collection of single data (experiences and memories), namely the canvas *upon which* they are collected. And you will, on close introspection, find that what you really mean by 'I' is that ground-stuff upon which they are collected. You may come to a distant country, lose sight of all your friends, may all but forget them; you acquire new friends, you share life with them as intensely as you ever did with your old ones. Less and less important will become the fact that, while living your new life, you still recollect the old one. "The youth that was I," you may come to speak of him in the third person, indeed the protagonist of the novel you are reading is probably nearer to your heart, certainly more intensely alive and better known to you. Yet there has been no intermediate break, no death. And even if a skilled hypnotist succeeded in blotting out entirely all your earlier reminiscences, you would not find that he had killed *you.* In no case is there a loss of personal existence to deplore.
>
> Nor will there ever be.

NOTE: *The reviewer wishes to acknowledge his debt to Adelbert Ames, director of the Dartmouth Eye Institute, for his invaluable aid in the preparation of this article.*

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Richmond During Dark Days

THE BELEAGUERED CITY. By Alfred Hoyt Bill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 295 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET LEECH

AS the heart and center of "the lost cause," Richmond during the war years 1861-1865 has been invested with an aura of romance and tragedy. Alfred H. Bill brings little that is new to his chronicle of the Confederate capital, but he tells a forthright story of life in Richmond from the brave and confident days of 1861 to the despair and demoralization of 1865. Romance and tragedy are present, but they are subdued by the author's sober and factual style; and the story rises to drama and poignancy only when hope is at long last dead and the blue squadrons of Federal cavalry gallop through the burning city.

It may occur to the reader that this story, the old tale of gallantry and defeat on which many changes have been movingly wrung, suffers for want of a hero. Quite wisely, Mr. Bill has not obtruded Robert E. Lee into the center of his stage, but has left him for the most part on the battlefield, whence he is reflected as the familiar bearded stereotype of superhuman grandeur. The vain, sickly, and domineering Jefferson Davis inspires merely a reluctant respect —though the paragraphs which describe the Davis family and the antagonism they aroused are among the most interesting in the book. Judah P. Benjamin's wily and rather sinister character is lightly drawn. The other members of the Confederate Cabinet are scarcely more than names. One would have liked to see these men in full relief, and to have the author's explanation of why they were so incompetent in government as they seem to have been, and so widely scorned and distrusted as they indubitably were.

For the most part, Mr. Bill does not give us vivid portrayals of personalities, or even detailed information about them. One of the most tantalizing omissions is the author's failure to tell us more of Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, a Union sympathizer, who lived throughout the war in her house near Richmond, spying for the Federal Government.

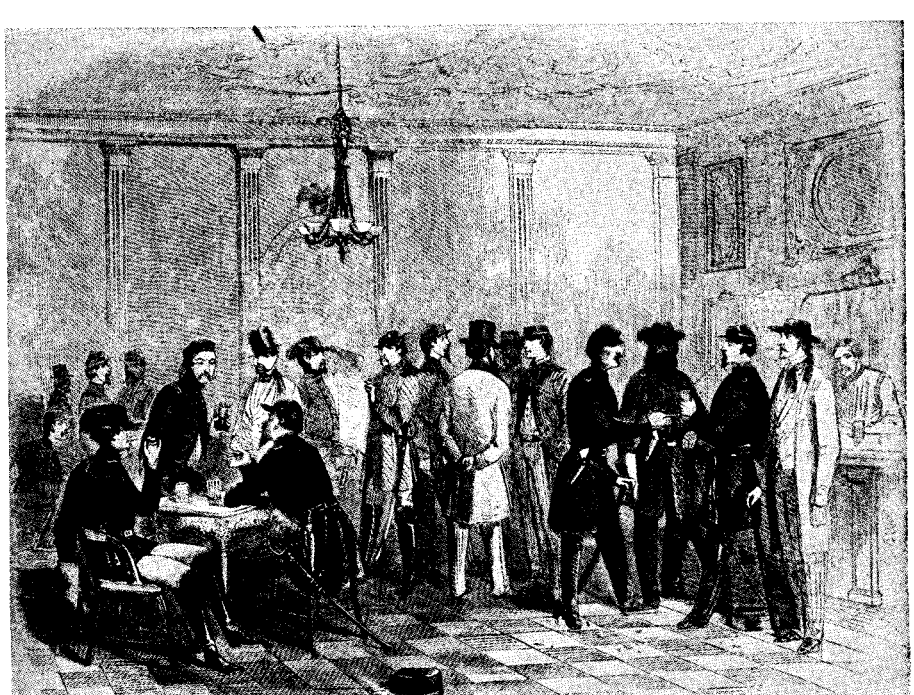
In presenting the maladministration of civil and military affairs, Mr. Bill is frankly critical. Mr. Davis and his advisers have, of course, long been made the scapegoats for the Confederate defeat. With more unusual candor, the author describes the shortcomings of the civilian population—the patronage of black markets, the evasion of military duty, the growing disaffection to the cause which was produced by the sufferings of a long war. None of this will make agreeable reading to the traditional Southerner; nor will the author's evidently scrupulous intention to deal justly with the Federal troops and their officers. Mr. Bill writes like a Southern gentleman—he cannot resist a triumphant comment on the bad spelling of the boys in blue, nor an observation on the large size of Northern women's feet—but his very sectionalism produces an impressive effect of historical accuracy when he writes of the courtesy or common decency of Union men.

In a recent essay, Thomas Sancton deplored the poverty of the intellectual life of the South, ascribing it to the emotional blocks and mental sterility which are the product of the Southerner's attitude toward the Negro. There is a curious uncertainty in "The Beleaguered City," a lack of an integrated point of view, as though the writer had failed to reconcile the traditions of his section with the feelings and beliefs of the modern world.

Mr. Bill indeed goes so far as to offer a defense of slavery which would have been conventional in 1850, and earlier. The Southern gentleman in this author obliges him to treat the Negro and his Virginia master as stereotypes. Virginians are almost invariably benevolent to their consistently gentle, solicitous, and loyal slaves, who, of course, include "black coachmen of preternatural dignity." The Richmond tobacco factories and later the entrenchments resound with the songs of the Negro workers.

By 1864, a change has occurred. Mrs. Chesnut, for the first time in her life, is compelled to put up with hired servants, and one feels that Mr. Bill winces a little at her predicament. The erring Negroes have always been "debauched" or "corrupted" by Yankees, since they know that slavery is the best thing for them. But, when Abraham Lincoln walks through the streets of fallen Richmond, the Negroes fall on their knees along the way, weeping and praying. This scene, one of the most touching in the Richmond story, is not elaborated or explained.

Equally evasive and still more disfiguring to this historical record is the narrow social concept of the white population. The book is almost exclusively concerned with the "well-born"—the author's favorite word, though he varies it with such phrases as "the best people," "people of quality," "cultivated gentlemen polished by travel," and "gentlewomen secure in their birth and position." From the noble mansions of these favored folk come the only soldiers worth mentioning—"the bravest and best." The "shabby genteel," unfortunately penurious but possessed of ancestral silver, get an occasional word. In a description of the hospitals, there is a reference to the devotion of humble men to the cause. Otherwise, the mass of the Confederate army is mentioned only in unhappy contrast to the elite.



—*From the book*

Brass hats at ease in the Spottswood House.

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It seems strange that an intelligent and serious writer should be able to close his eyes to the fact that his "people of quality" were a privileged handful, influential enough to persuade the lackeys and sweepings and specimens to fight on their behalf a war to maintain a feudal system in whose benefits the underprivileged had no hope of sharing. This blind adherence to an outmoded ideal of caste makes queer reading in the year of 1946. It robs Mr. Bill's book of humanity, and lends it that ladylike quality which is the curse of Southern literature.

With the Gloves Off

WARD TWENTY. By James Warner Bellah. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 160 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ALBERT Q. MAISEL

A YEAR ago, Major James Warner Bellah wrote a short, tough, violent, bitter, yet amazingly tender book about the inhabitants of Ward 20, the half million inhabitants of all the Wards 20 in all our military hospitals, who must return from the war "clipped"—as they put it—of an arm or leg or eye.

The book was a novel. There was nothing in it which would have subjected it to censorship regulations. No possible question of security was involved. Yet, after it had been set up and printed, a copy fell into the hands of an Army colonel—a Quartermaster Corps colonel, no less—who proceeded to raise so vehement a protest that a timid publisher withdrew the volume. Only today, under the imprint of a different publisher, is Bellah's book reaching the public.

This little example of unofficial and unwarranted censorship and of supine catering to the power of unauthorized authority would be important enough even if Bellah's book were of no particular significance in itself. It becomes all the more important, to the public and to the integrity of the publishing industry, because Jim Bellah has written a book which should long since have had its chance to influence our thinking and our handling of the immensely difficult problems the war has thrust upon millions of veterans—not only those who have been as visibly "clipped" as Bellah's amputees, but all the uncountable others whose wholeness, as men and as fully accepted units of our social fabric, has been impaired by the changes the war has wrought on them and on ourselves.

Whether he intended it or not, Bellah has written a powerful indictment of all our thinking on rehabilitation, and without ever once using that repugnant word. All too many tons of paper have been filled with the vaporings of those who see the problem of the "handicapped" as primarily one of learning a new trade, as if we will have done all we can for the maimed when we have provided them with a "prosthesis" and a course in putting little nuts on little bolts in some assembly line. The sob sisters, male and female, have filled the magazines and newspapers with sentimental homilies on how to avoid staring at a man without a leg or paeans of praise for employers who have discovered that even the psychoneurotics and the blind can be profitably employed, sometimes even more profitably than the uninjured.

No one, of course, will take issue with these truisms. But Bellah has recognized that it isn't enough—not nearly enough—to give the "clipped" a job. Jobs for these men are but one facet of a struggle to be accepted as whole men.

Weighing far more heavily upon them are the problems of social and sexual acceptance; the necessity that lies upon each of the "clipped" (they refuse, rightly, to call themselves "cripples") to find out whether and to what painful extent they will be rejected, or merely accepted pityingly, by the men who waved and the women who kissed so fervently when they marched off to lose an arm or a leg.

It is because Bellah's lusty book is concerned so much with this imperative struggle to be accepted as whole men that the squeamish may find themselves agreeing with the censorious colonel. For Bellah and his GI's mince no words about what they are after.

They want to see girls, to know girls, to touch girls, to have girls. And their fear that the ordinary girls of their home towns may not want them drives them into frantic, back-hall, exploratory lunges at every nurse and WAC and an all-too-eager intercourse with the professionals and semi-pros from town. These latter, accepting sex on a simpler plane and from the status of social pariahs, are blessed with the ability to ignore a missing limb, not as a conscious act of pity, but with the natural understanding of those who know, all too well, that the world, too, is a maimed and broken place in which they stand as disfigured as the "clipped" ones who seek them out.

—Harris and Ewing

"Whether he intended it or not, James Warner Bellah has written a powerful indictment of all our thinking on rehabilitation, without ever using that repugnant word."

If this is a shocking book, it is because it admits frankly the facts that most of us would avoid facing: that hospitals *are* sex-charged places full of the pressures of unfulfilled and unfulfillable yearnings, that the blind *do* develop remarkably acute tactile senses, that even the most carefully paragraphed edicts of military and medical martinets cannot keep all the paths to backrooms and dark lawns patrolled by MP's. There are many who will gag at Bellah's frank and unexpurgated capture of the language of Ward Twenty. There are those who will want to close their eyes to these, as to other, facts of life. And there are some who will read this book furtively, looking for the lurid passages, like the ladies who visit military hospitals because they are fascinated and vicariously thrilled by the sight of the maimed. To such, one can only say, as does Meneilley when asked by two dowagers how he lost his legs, "Scram, ya morbid bitches, before I call the MP's."

But there are many, I hope, who will see far more in this book than a dozen intertwined tales of lust among the limbless. To them, "Ward Twenty" will be far more than a smutty novel, more than a morbid descent into a special kind of hell, more than a skilful essay on how to make passes from a wheelchair. If only a few of us learn that rehabilitation—stupid word—is not some special form of social work to be carried on by our deputies, Jim Bellah will have done much indeed for all veterans and for the consciences of all the rest of us.

As for the prissy, prudish colonel, "Ward Twenty" has several so-called unprintable and incredibly pungent words for him and for action by his blue pencil.

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Lots of Good Reading

THE TREASURE CHEST. An Anthology of Contemplative Prose. Edited by J. Donald Adams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 402 *pp.* $2.50.

CROSS SECTION 1945. *Edited by Edwin Seaver. New York: L. B. Fischer.* 1945. 362 *pp.* $3.50.

SON-OF-A-GUN STEW. A Sampling of the Southwest. Edited by Elizabeth Matchett Stover. Dallas: University Press in Dallas Southern Methodist University. 1945. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

ONE AND TWENTY. Duke Narrative and Verse. 1924-1945. *Selected by William Blackburn. Designed and Illustrated by pupils of Clare Leighton. Durham: Duke University Press.* 1945. 297 *pp.* $3.

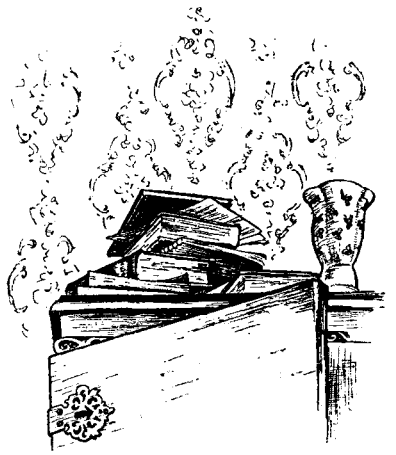
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AMONG all the forms of picking other men's brains," declares J. Donald Adams, "the making of anthologies is probably the most harmless." Certainly there is not an ounce of harm in the four specimens of the craft here gathered: the first dedicated to contemplative prose, the second devoted to new and previously unpublished American writing, the third issued to commemorate the first Southwest Book Fair, and the fourth selected from the prose and poetry of graduates and undergraduates of Duke University. Not an ounce of harm, and a considerable weight of good reading.

Mr. Adams tells us that "The Treasure Chest" came into being because of his own "delight in reflective writing," because of his conviction that an anthologist may cut prose up "into small pieces" without doing the material an injustice, and because of his belief that there were "enough readers" who would welcome the "thought-provoking" kind of book he proposed to make.

One may say at once that he has vindicated his personal taste, and demonstrated the fact that short prose excerpts may be entirely self-sufficient; while there is small doubt that time will prove him right also regarding the sufficiency of welcoming readers. It should be mentioned in passing that when Mr. Adams speaks of "small pieces" he really means small, for few of his selections run much more than three hundred words, and many run less; most of them fitting comfortably within the compass of a single page.

"The Treasure Chest" begins with the monitory wisdom of Solomon, and ends with the soldierly wisdom of Harry Brown, while in between there are wisdom, speculation, and good horse sense of every shade and school. There are Sir Walter Raleigh's famous passage on death, Lincoln's no less famous Gettysburg address, and several time-honored passages from Bacon's essays. Richard Crashaw salutes the virtues of the English tongue, John Donne discourses on sleep, Wordsworth defines the poet, Coleridge pleads for precision in the use of language, Meredith invokes the Comic Spirit, E. M. Forster speaks of the English character, Lytton Strachey holds forth with a flourish on the passing of aristocracy, John Galsworthy touches on the proper treatment of sex in fiction, Virginia Woolf remarks on the "erratic" and "very undependable nature" of "reality," and Shelley presses his old claim that



"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

William James argues that "the wealth of a nation consists more than in anything else in the number of superior men that it harbors." Samuel Johnson scores the time-wasters who consume the hours of the man "who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society." Chesterton declares: "The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs." Van Wyck Brooks, speaking through the mouth of Oliver Allston, points to the smallness of our age; while Lewis Mumford underlines the obvious and tragic fact that man's scientific achievements have "not been accompanied by equal gains in self-understanding and self-discipline." Rupert Brooke laments the lack of gods and ghosts in the new world; Hazlitt assures us, as he has in many editions, that "One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey," so long as it is solitary; and Thomas Burke announces with perspicacity that "There is no hiding-place so impenetrable as autobiography."

Herbert Spencer circumscribes the power of the state: "The function of liberalism in the past was that of putting a limit to the powers of kings. The function of true liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the powers of Parliaments." Santayana, writing of British imperialism, says: "Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master." While Jacques Barzun, writing of that same heroic Greece, declares: "It takes only a copy of Thucydides and a modicum of imagination to recognize that the Greeks at all times of their history led the most chaotic, passionate and disorderly life conceivable." David Hume descants on avarice; Augustine Birrell speaks from the pages of "Obiter Dicta"; Locke utters words on reading that should never be far from any reader's mind; Addison and Steele have their pages, as have Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor, and Pascal is briefly represented.

Emerson and Thoreau hold forth at greater length than any others of the company; and Thomas Paine speaks to the present generation when he writes: "To see it in our power to make a world happy—to teach mankind the art of being so—to exhibit, on the theater of the universe a character hitherto unknown—and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection, and can neither be too highly estimated, nor too gratefully received."

Although there is much besides in "The Treasure Chest," the above is a fair cross-section of the contents. Of the older material, there is nothing that should prove unfamiliar to a well-read person; but there is also very little that does not merit being read again and again. And in the selections from contemporaries there are happy surprises: among them, Elliott Arnold on the men who fly in bombers, Robert L. Duffus on Dunkerque, Harry Emerson Fosdick on the necessity of possessing "a mind with windows," Charles Flandrau on the rewards of solitude, Gerald Kersh on the fragmentary nature of battle, and (among my own favorites) C. S. Lewis, author of the matchless "Screwtape Letters," and Robert Henriques, author of that minor masterpiece, "The Voice of the Trumpet."

Less comprehensive and less elaborately organized than "The Practical Cogitator," this anthology is a fine well for dipping. But when you dip, be sure to remember Locke on reading or your dipping will prove to be vanity.

And the publishers would be well advised to have proof read carefully for a second edition. As it stands, the volume is speckled with typographical errors, and on one page, due appar-

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ently to a confusion of copy slips, a passage from Oscar Wilde is printed in duplicate.

Mr. Seaver explains that "Cross Section 1945," the second collection of a series, has drawn its material from "a whole sector of writing that cannot readily find publication elsewhere," and he explains further that established authors as well as newcomers are represented in this sector. "The magazines, then, still have their taboos over and above their clichés, and to think that even a 'name' author can always find an outlet among them for every good story he may write, may be optimistic, but it is hardly realistic. What usually happens is that he either trims his sails to fit their requirements or does not write for them at all, with the result, perhaps, that some of his best stories may never get written." Mr. Seaver might have added that there has been a decrease in our time of the periodicals offering any substantial payment for serious fiction. Of the four leading magazines in the so-called quality group of twenty years ago, two have ceased to exist, a third has reduced the number of short stories that it publishes, while the editors of the fourth complain that good short fiction is so scarce that it is sometimes hard to find even a single fit story for an issue.

After reading through Mr. Seaver's collection, one can only conclude that he has sources of supply unknown to these editors, or that they have possibly let some good fiction slip through their fingers.

A conservative editor might argue that Hilde Abel's nightmarish, almost surrealistic story of bomb-gutted Berlin would be too "experimental" for his readers, too baffling for their understanding; but, so arguing, he would be rejecting a story of extraordinary interest and power. A prudish editor might contend that C. Hall Thompson's "The Prisoners" was not acceptable, by reason of its subject matter, in a "family" magazine; but, so contending, he would be depriving his subscribing families of a moving and meaningful narrative, in which a young author has scored by simplicity and unadorned realism. As for the other stories, it is hard to imagine what objections could be brought against them. Some are better, and none is worse, than the average run of fiction for which editors pay happily.

In "Christmas Furlough," James Light has taken the old theme of race prejudice and driven a barb home as sharply as if we had never been made to feel the barb before. In "The Refugee," Sanora Babb handles another familiar theme with sensitivity and effective economy. John Eisenhard's "All Change Here" deals with race prejudice again; this time obliquely, with a flick of the lash at the end. Humor and pathos mingle successfully in "A Day in the Open," Jane Bowles's story of two prostitutes. There is restrained sentiment in Jesse Stuart's "Seth Waters," and there is heartbreak in Constance Pultz's "Tenderly As for a King." Samuel Elskin's baseball story has implications that reach beyond the diamond; while "A Minute to Oneself," by Jay Williams, gives effective expression to what Robert Henriques ("The Treasure Chest") calls "the worst part of war"—that part being "the lack of intimacy, the lack of privacy, and the deprivation of the rights of self-determination and ownership."

The stories that I have mentioned, and their companions (with the exception of Hilde Abel's, in which the author's deviation from the norm is brilliantly justified), are all distinguished by straightforward, simple, clean-cut writing: there is no pretentious posturing, there are no fancy flourishes; the thoughts seem to be truly thought, the emotions truly felt, and the authors persuade you that they are, in almost every instance, close to their subjects. There are no masterpieces, but there is much excellence.

The collection also includes a considerable number of poems by Norman Rosten, Isidor Schneider, Harry Roskolenko, and others; but these, in the main, are less successful than the prose. (Incidentally, one already published piece has found its way into "Cross Section 1945": a portion, and the most entertaining portion, of Richard Wright's "Early Days in Chicago.")

No one, not even its editor, I am sure, would make high claims for the literary quality of "Son-Of-A-Gun Stew," drawn from the files of the *Southwest Review;* but a reader would have to be dull in himself not to find in its contents a fair ration of interesting reading-matter. Among ingredients that can be recommended are Edward Larocque Tinker's memories of Pancho Villa; Fred Gipson's story of a great coon fight; Paul Axminster's observations on the ways of rattlesnake, owl, and prairie dog, as seen through the eyes of a wise old Indian; Jesse Stuart's amusing story of a Southwestern grand jury that had its own way of doing business; John A. Lomax's anecdotes of his adventures as a "ballad hunter"; Frank Goodwyn's tall tale of Pedro Urdemales, the first and only Mexican ever to get into heaven; J. Frank Dobie's dissertation on the fighting habits of Longhorn bulls; and Stanley Vestal's account of Buffalo Bill's duel with Yellow Hand following the massacre of Little Big Horn. In the course of this last contribution, Mr. Vestal illumines a little-known historical factor when he writes:

> Custer had been in disgrace because he had exposed the corruption of President Grant's Indian Administration. He had been eager to redeem himself, and had pushed his men hard in order to reach the hostile camp before Terry and Gibbon could get there. He had hoped to win a great victory, and then become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. His scouts had told him he would find more Indians with Sitting Bull than he could handle, but Custer did not believe them. He had always beaten the Redskins.

Of the verse which this "Stew" contains, the most memorable specimen is probably Kate McAlpin Crady's "Too Long, Lawd:"

> Aunt Julie got de quavers,
> Ain't nary Gawd thing wrong
> 'Cept she done outstayed her len'th;
> She done been bawn too long.

Considering its limited source, "One and Twenty" maintains a remarkably high literary standard: there must be something in the air of Duke that is favorable to writing. Ovid Williams Pierce's "One of the Darkies" is a really fine story, well conceived, beautifully executed. "Red Coat Day," by R. P. Harriss, is a first-rate fox-hunting yarn. The agonies of adolescence find sympathetic expression in Donald Thompson's "The Long Shadows," and David Cornel DeJong's "Calves." Margaret Throne (Class of '47) pulls off the difficult feat of getting inside a mentally deficient character; James C. Wickstrom writes movingly of a human fragment looking for another fragment to rub against; William Styron scores once with a lynching story, and again with a study of the frustration, loneliness, and ultimate impotence that can be the reward of a school-teaching life; Frances Gray Patton's "A Piece of Bread" will be remembered, and reread with satisfaction, by readers of the *Kenyon Review;* Richard Austin Smith's chapter from his novel, "The Sun Dial," exerts power on a rising curve; Elizabeth Dilts Kibbee makes entertain-

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ment of the musings of a wife whose husband's book has been perhaps overpraised by Dr. Canby; and Edgar C. Greene depicts, with neat strokes, the swallowing of a human being by the vast, impersonal, industrial machine.

Duke has its poets as well as its fiction writers—notable among them, John Schaffner, Virginia Hodges Tabler, and R. P. Harriss—but again the prose outweighs the verse. It is prose that is content to be conventional; it is the prose of writers who have felt no temptation to run after the advance-guard of contemporary literature. But the conventions stand up well. Indeed, all these anthologies stand up well, for none makes too ambitious claims, and each satisfies the comparatively modest purpose that brought it into being.

China Across the Tracks

A DAUGHTER OF HAN. By Ida Pruitt. From the story told her by Ning Lae T'ai-T'ai. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1945. 249 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALICE TISDALE HOBART

AS I read this book, I kept thinking of what the fate of such a thoughtful study of China's poor would have been twenty years ago. Undoubtedly, no publisher would have risked publishing it. There is a very vivid picture in my mind of what publishers said to me in 1925, when I peddled about New York a manuscript dealing with some phases of the life of the Chinese masses. "There is no sale for a book that presents China with realism," they said. "The public has been too long fed on the Fu Manchu type of Chinese. Americans want only China picturesque or villainous."

This autobiography of a Chinese working woman is a testimony to the enlarged interest in China since that day. For of all the fiction and nonfiction with China as the theme which has been brought forth by our publishers in the last fifteen years, this book, perhaps, deals with the least dramatic, or so-called picturesque, of the Chinese people. Even "Ricksha Boy" does not reach down so searchingly into the drab, unending poverty and hopelessness of the understructure of Chinese life.

There were dramatic emotional crises in the life of Ricksha Boy. The Daughter of Han, a Chinese working woman, lived out her life with no idea that the hardships she endured were anything but the common fate of Chinese millions. She is in turn daughter, bride, mother, and grandmother, each stage of her life enacted in the alleyways of China. Hers is a loveless marriage planned as marriages immemorial have been planned in China by parents; for her daughter, she plans in like fashion with as disastrous results.

For the fact that her own husband turns out to be an opium sot she blames no one. She accepts it with Chinese fatalism, and takes up the life of street peddlar and beggar without much inner rebellion. She serves in rich households sharing in the back stairs gossip and happenings. Her three years of service spent in the home of a missionary brought her no greater release from the constant worry over the support of her child. Neither was her mind released from its prison of superstition and fear. It was while she was working

for a missionary family and her children were sick with smallpox that she says,

> It was a great thing for Mrs. Han to come to me. According to custom no outside woman may come near to those who have erupted with smallpox. It would blight the children should she be unclean at the time or lately with her husband.—But she trusted me and knew that even if things went badly with the children, I would not call her to account.

Ida Pruitt, who has so conscientiously recorded the life of this Chinese working woman, is deserving of all gratitude. Her record will prove invaluable source material for both writers and commentators wishing to analyze the difficult and little understood attitude of the Chinese toward many of their present problems. Through it you grasp something of the tremendous job it will be to break through the acceptance of poverty, war, and disease by the Chinese masses. You will grasp, too, their splendid capacity for endurance and their innate dignity and spirit of democracy.

Ol' Virginny

MR. PETUNIA. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Creative Age Press. 1945. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

HOW true "Mr. Petunia" is to the Virginia of a hundred and twenty years ago must be left to social historians for decision. Dr. Gogarty evidently finds, as other Irish of his background do, an affinity between the South and that Ireland, now almost lost, of the hunting, racing, and occasionally culture-pursuing Ascendency.

Whatever one thinks may be its truth to history, "Mr. Petunia" is the liveliest and the most likable novel Dr. Gogarty has written. There are, it is true, certain passages in which the eternal medical student, so oddly vigorous in this distinguished poet, has to air his studies and seek to shock our susceptibilities; but these are rare and not out of keeping with the raffish and rascally atmosphere provided by the sinister devices of Mr. Petunia no less than by the genial roguery of Plant, the horse-dealer.

Plant is from Ireland, Mr. Petunia from, one suspects, the more doubtful purlieus of Clerkenwell where he probably learnt his craft of watchmaking and robbed his master in a discreetly dishonorable fashion. This doubtful, intriguing little man is, in a strange way, the catalyst who brings together Pennington and Ann Arnold, Corcoran or Tommy the Cork and poor Gaby, Petunia's niece, Plant and Belinda, Pennington's sister. None of these results is sought or wanted by him; and by those he knew, before his just hanging for murder, he was given exquisite and continuous annoyance.

It is not the least merit of Dr. Gogarty's story that he has, in "Mr. Petunia," produced a most lifelike and convincing story of a scoundrel and that without any undue divagations into psychology. Mr. Petunia reminds me of one of Dickens's villains, Squeers

Comment, Professional

By Ethel Jacobson

WRITING'S like flirting:
No text can reach you;
If you can't do it,
No one can teach you;
Cautious, respectable
People drop you.
But if you can do it,
No one can stop you!

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or Quilp, though Dr. Gogarty goes further than Dickens in suggesting reasons for the watchmaker's hatefulness. He is abnormal sexually, and takes a wry pleasure in tormenting and corrupting his enslaved niece, in trying, quite vainly, to frighten Ann Arnold, and in a hopeless, unexpressed passion for the lovely Ysabeau.

Petunia has his workshop at Richmond, but he lives way out in the country, and is received by Pennington, the wealthy landowner who is Plant's patron, as an artist who deserves recognition. He loves power and secrecy, will be generous in spending money if he can thereby get power, and has a craving for low company and the hearty, half-contemptuous flattery of his social inferiors, which he indulges by visits to Tommy the Cork's Inn and by association with Boake, the bookie who lives there. Ann Arnold is the daughter of a master watchmaker in England; she comes to visit her father's old acquaintance, and disconcerts him by the freedom of her manners, her fearlessness, and finally her angry contempt. She leaves Petunia's house in the morning after her arrival, invited by Pennington's sister, and soon she is married to Pennington, a man much her senior.

Petunia cannot forget her conduct to him, or her success, and waits for his revenge. Yet when his chance comes his tortuous ways and unadmitted awareness of his own inferiority lead him to miss his chance. He starts on the road which leads to the gallows, since he underrates Ann's courage and imperturbable spirit.

"Mr. Petunia" is not a well-made book. It runs down rather than comes to an end, and there is a certain casualness in Dr. Gogarty's handling of the affair between Ann and her brother-in-law who fathers her child to be his sick brother's heir. The melodrama of the book is handled deftly and economically, but it is hard to think that a man of Pennington's position would have been trapped into marriage even by a lively and disobedient Ann. Eager as he is, he could have found nearer and more biddable ladies. "Mr. Petunia," however, is good enough to make all but the most curmudgeonly of readers indulge in the necessary suspension of belief to enjoy it; I was even reconciled to the almost complete absence (in 1820) of the inevitable Negro slaves. They are not necessary to Dr. Gogarty's story, so he wisely leaves them and their problems out of his book, and the reader is not at all disturbed by the pseudo-anachronism, or is it an Irish bull?

Epic of A Great Railroad

SANTA FE: The Railroad that Built an Empire. By James Marshall. New York: Random House. 1945. 449 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD HUNGERFORD

OFFICIALLY it is the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway—very popularly it is known as the Santa Fe. It has been a number of years since it operated a passenger train in or out of either Atchison or Santa Fe, although the main line of the road passes through Topeka—its great shops there are the town's abounding pride. A good many years ago Wall Street knew the property as the Atchison. But that small Missouri River town now is well-nigh forgotten. The railroad, come to days of strength and aristocracy, prefers to cling to the name of the Kings City of the Holy Faith—the longtime spiritual and temporal seat of government of the Southwest.

In the beginning it was the Santa Fe Trail; the unending procession of men and horses and wagons and coaches found its way from the bend of the Missouri to the high-set capital of the faith—and the best trading post in the entire West. And almost the most disreputable.

All this, and much more, James Marshall tells in "Santa Fe, the Railroad that Built an Empire," the splendidly graphic volume that has just come off the press of Random House.

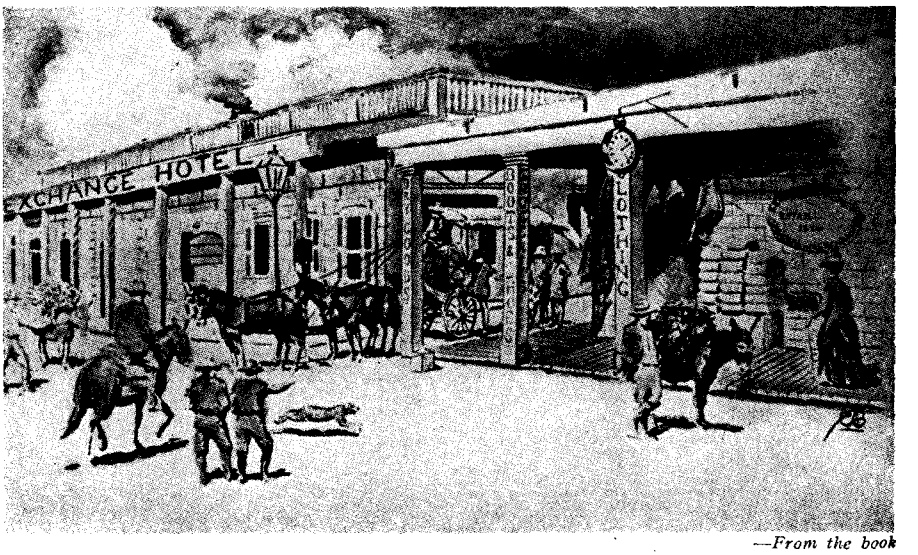
He slips swiftly by the days of the great Trail and comes to those of the founder of the road, one Colonel Cyrus K. Holliday, a young lawyer from western Pennsylvania, who dreamed the great dream of a road of rails down into the capital of the Southwest. Holliday had not alone vision; he had surpassing energy and ceaseless driving force.

With his young wife, he found his way out to the future Topeka—then known as Papans Ferry—announced that that wilderness tract on the banks of the Kaw would not only be the future capital of Kansas but the chief city on a new railroad to lead to the distant Santa Fe. Holliday had faith. There was not a house or even a stick of furniture at Papans Ferry, but there was immense determination.

Determination built the Santa Fe; determination made it the outstanding railroad of the Southwest; determination brought it east into Chicago, west into San Francisco, south into old Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico. Marshall tells the story, tells it vividly, tells it splendidly. The book is paced with fine humor. The holy wedlock between the Santa Fe and the House of Harvey, where every waitress was a perfect lady and no cold-storage egg ever was served, and where for forty years there was no marriage contract, comes gaily into the picture.

Battling for narrow mountain passes, struggling for one foothold after another, at times faced with utter financial defeat, the emergence of the Santa Fe into a position of railroad dominance is one of the fine epics of our industrial history.

Step by step, Marshall outlines the difficult progress of the road from its beginnings, through its tedious battles with the Rio Grande, and then with the Southern Pacific, diplomati-



—*From the book*

La Fonda (otherwise the Exchange Hotel), in the heart of old Santa Fe, during the days before the railroad when the Trail was still the Trail.

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cally yclept the Espee through the book. He tells how it ceased to be a "bridge railroad," how, against tremendous opposition, it forced its entrance into Chicago, into Los Angeles, and into San Francisco, until it became the only "one railroad" between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast.

Like Michigan Central and Burlington and Union Pacific and many another Western road, Santa Fe had its beginnings in the ingenious combination of Boston capital and Boston brains. William Barstow Strong, its greatest builder, may have come from Vermont, but Edward P. Ripley, its greatest president, was born in Dorchester, which always has been a sort of Brooklyn to Boston. Codfish cakes for breakfast in a Harvey House on an Arizona desert was just blunt old New England cropping out of things.

Incidentally, the oldtime Harvey houses today are pretty nearly extinct. For years Santa Fe held out manfully against the inroads of the American dining car, sometimes pretty awful. Its patrons liked the half-hour leeway, to get out of the trains three times a day and to eat bountifully, in a comfortable, clean dining room, a meal that for years cost four bits—but which would have cost four times as much in the East. Reluctantly, under the spur of competition, the Santa Fe gave way to the dining-car idea. But its new diners were Harveyized. The road boasted that it paid its chefs more than any other line and that it lost money on each meal, a deficit that it paid to the House of Harvey and charged off to the sacred name of advertising.

But some of the best Harvey houses remain. Hutchinson, Kansas, and Albuquerque continue in fine force, while the Harvey genius of hospitality has gone into the keeping of extensive hotels at Santa Fe and the Grand Canyon and the operation of restaurants and lunch rooms in the great stations at Los Angeles and Kansas City and St. Louis and Chicago and Cleveland. In all these years it has not lost its flavor.

So spins Jim Marshall the epic of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe. A real opportunity for a classic book has not been thrown away. The book reads well.

All Aboard!

HIGHBALL: A Pageant of Trains. By Lucius Beebe. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1945. 233 *pp.* $6.

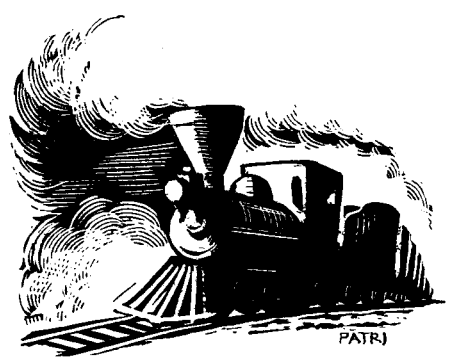
Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

LUCIUS BEEBE is an expert at tickling the nostalgia of old-time railroad enthusiasts. His "High Iron," "Highliners," and "Trains in Transition" which graphically covered much of American rail history—the basic story beneath the major phase of the continent's social growth—were ecstatically received by this fraternity of sub-teen boys and aging men, technicians, amateurs, and "collectors." That the close clan is large is confirmed both by the publisher's account of the sale of these expensive books and by the growing waves of other rail literature which appear year after year in each new publishing season.

Now comes "Highball" with its nearly two hundred photographs and six brief chapters of text. The title word, which the Shorter Oxford recognizes as meaning only a "species of poker" and a "drink of whisky in a tall glass," is, the author explains beneath a charming drawing opening the book, "railroad parlance for a clearance, clear track, or order to proceed, deriving from the metal globes by which train movements were controlled before the introduction of semaphores or other position signals." Mr. Beebe makes this concession to a lay public accustomed to the degenerate word—but, in his text, he makes few other concessions. Thus the reader outside the fraternity encountering the rich seasoning of jargon plus the complex and subtle spice of the author's own style might well suffer from mental indigestion if the text stood alone.

The extremely casual use of such terms as "shack," "crummy," "consist," "Mike," "hotshot," "drag," "jack," "redball," "varnish," "parlorman," etc., suggest an attitude of looking down the nose at a reader out of the know which doubtless delights the brothers. But the photographs, sharp and beautiful with superb composition, movement, and background bring quick relief to the bewildered outsider and make the book a pictorial treasure to anyone.

The opening chapter, "Some Little Railroads," gives evidence of exhaustive "collecting" by the author and his research assistant, Charles M. Clegg. It is astonishing what a lot of once proud companies are still profitably operating with ancient equipment between the lines of today's giants. There is the Raritan River Railroad, for instance, "over New Jersey meadows and fresh ponds and inlets" connecting ghostly towns, whose "most modern motive power is No. 7, an 0-6-0 switcher built by Baldwin in 1919." There is the Wichita Falls and Southern in Texas "which operates over 170 miles of something less than well-ballasted iron bearing the railmark 'Carnegie, 1898.'" Mr. Beebe has even found some narrow-gauge (three foot) roads such as the East Broad Top of Pennsylvania which, however, can handle cars "from other railroads by the simple expedient of shifting them to narrow-gauge trucks by means of a hoist. . . ." And there is a picture of one rare collector's item, a wood-burner still operating on the Southern Live Oak, Perry and Gulf.



The chapter, "Power for the Grade," tells in its text of Diesels but the accompanying photographs are of many types of freight locomotives and cars. "Portrait Gallery" shows famous individual locomotives and trains such as the N.Y.C.'s "Knickerbocker"; there is a chapter on the history of the Pacific type locomotive and one on the caboose.

But by far the most impressive and highly colored text is the chapter, "Colorado Chronicle." Here Mr. Beebe becomes so engrossed (as did this reviewer when first he met it) in the body of gold and silver legend that he even jumps the tracks for a page or two to talk of bars and hotels and pistol fire; placering and claim-jumping, poker and champagne, echoing the tremendous sound and tempo of times that bred railroads overnight.

Mr. Beebe tells of game hunting during runs through the Rockies by train crews (a practice still continued); of terrible disasters when whole trains would roll over the sides of mountains; of the Barnum circus train which used pushing elephants for motive power when the locomotive gave out, of once prosperous lines now ghosts—"the little engines standing forever between nowhere and nowhere, the tracks torn up behind them and before. . . ."

Mr. Beebe might profitably have followed the example of Freeman Hubbard's "Railroad Avenue" by appending a glossary along with his useful "Whistle Code" which will enlighten the commuter on the mysteries of stops and starts. But "Highball" is truly a beauty of a book and will enrich any library of true Americana.

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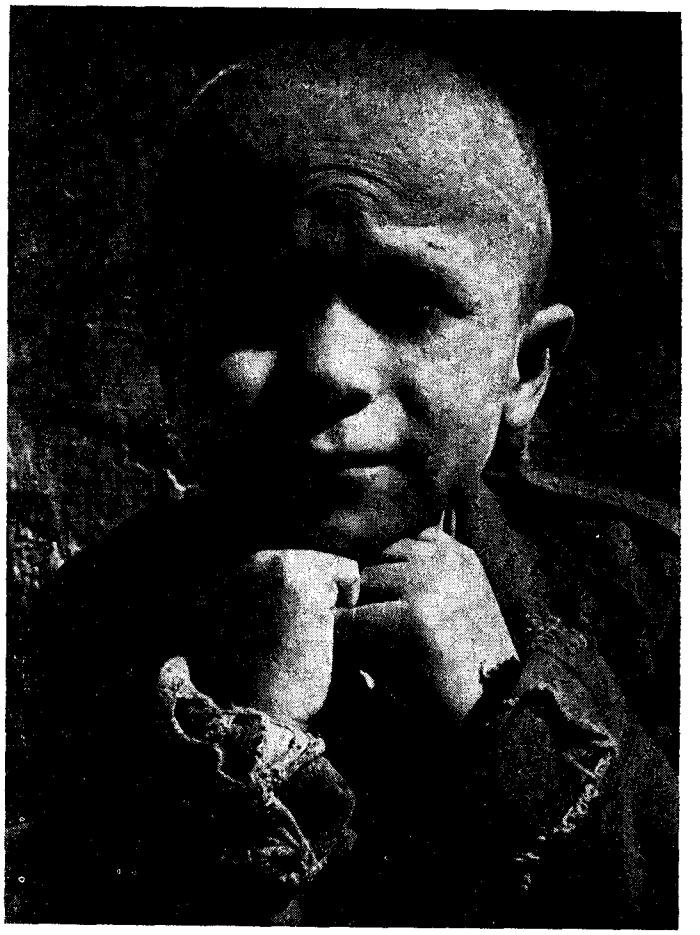
Annus Mirabilis

U. S. CAMERA 1946. Photographs selected by Captain Edward Steichen, U. S. N. R. Edited by Tom Maloney, New York: U. S. Camera Publishers. Distributed by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1945. 432 *pp.* $4.50.

THE year 1945 was one of the most fateful in all history. It was a year of great decisions and climactic events ending in triumph over the enemies of mankind. "U. S. Camera 1946" presents the highlights of that epochal year in hundreds of photographs taken by service and civilian cameramen all over the world.

Captain Steichen, who was in command of Navy combat photography, has selected the pictures for this book wisely and well. Together they form a pictorial history of events Americans will remember for ages. Shown are such great moments as the surrender of Germany, the dropping of the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, and the Japanese surrender. Shown also are the individuals, great and small, who helped bring these things to pass or who suffered and died in the process . . . Nimitz and MacArthur on the *Missouri* . . . Roosevelt mourned by the people . . . a dead Marine on Pelelieu . . . the victor and vanquished . . . the victims of Nazi atrocities and those tragic outcasts of war, the displaced persons and their children.

The photographs reproduced on this page have been selected from the more than three hundred which make up the book. The picture of the stranded European waif at the right was taken by Toni Frissell. The grenade-flinging infantryman, Sergeant Charles H. Wolverton of the 37th Division, was snapped by an unnamed fellow-soldier of the Signal Corps. Bob Wallace got the shot of President Roosevelt talking with Gen. Henry H. Arnold on Sicily.



. . . and now?

. . . mopping up—Bougainville

. . . a voice is stilled

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The Atomic Age

EDUCATION FOR ONE WORLD

MODERN man cannot let go of the tail of the atomic bear. Moronic minds are grappling with billion-dollar gadgets. The race is on between our power to split the atom and our power to unite human society. Without adequate understanding and coöperation we are children playing with matches in a powder cache—social illiterates who are simultaneously scientific supermen. Hence the urgency for planned unity from the precinct to the planet based upon consciously shared ideals and aims.

Continents are spanned in a few hours and the world circled in a couple of days, while centuries of cultural lag divide the earth's two billion people. Hangovers of imperialism, nationalism, prejudice, and ignorance create a jungle of aggressive power politics which imperils internal reconversion, the healing of the wounds of war, and the creation of the political apparatus necessary for one world, with appropriate international courts and police powers.

Representatives of the forty-four nations, ranging from Argentina and Australia to the United Kingdom, the United States, and Yugoslavia, who met in London in November to formulate and to sign the charter of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), were conscious of the contrast between the necessity for uniting mankind and the difficulties of attaining that goal. It was the first international meeting since the atomic bomb had demonstrated its power—a weapon which, as Archibald MacLeish noted, was "not to be employed as a last resort but as a first preventive," and which would "translate suspicion and fear into irremediable destruction with unprecedented rapidity." Hence the removal of mutual suspicion and fear becomes imperative.

Soviet Russia, however, was absent because it held that the Social and Economic Council of UNO should have called such a meeting, yet its satellites, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, participated when the British Minister of Education went ahead, as empowered by previous meetings between the educational representatives of the Allied Nations, and called the London Conference. Repeatedly the Conference invited Soviet Russia to attend, and a place has been reserved for it on the governing body. Let us hope that there will be no question of UNESCO operating with USSR absent, because the need for mutual knowledge between USSR and other nations is particularly evident. The governing body will begin to function officially when twenty of the signatory groups have given official approval to the provisional charter signed in London.

It is a difficult and complicated thing to get more than forty nations to meet and draw up a constitution even for cultural purposes. Men whose speech and background differ tremendously and who come from countries scattered over the earth must make many adjustments before any meeting of minds is possible. UNESCO, in the matter of language difficulty, had a fairly easy time because, with the Russians absent, it was agreed to use only two languages, English and French. However, even then it was sometimes a painful process to try to find the precise equivalent in the two languages which would express exactly what UNESCO stands for and what it should do. Some of the translators were supercilious about the possibility of using Basic English for such international conferences because, they said, it only helps those wishing to acquire English and restricts the others. (As one who had enjoyed meeting workers in visits to some fifteen foreign countries and overcoming the barriers of lingual diversity by the international auxiliary language Esperanto, I felt UNESCO might be well advised to use this medium, particularly if it hopes to serve people as well as polyglot professors.)

But if removal of the curse of Babel were the only hurdle, things would be easy. The Constitution of UNESCO makes it clear that it is prohibited from "intervening in matters which are essentially within their (the members') domestic jurisdiction." What does this mean? If, to use an outmoded and trivial example, textbooks and movies in the United States persisted in referring to "greasy Mexicans" and "the stealthy Chinee," the scholars of the countries named would surely have a right to protest against the use of such stereotypes. The improving of such textbooks would, of course, be "within the domestic jurisdiction" of our publishers and schools. Astronomers, physicists, biologists already argue with each other about their theories and experiments and freely exchange conclusions with no quibbles about "domestic jurisdiction." This coöperation surely can be extended to other fields. Cross-fertilization is good for cultures. That is the story of Britain in the early days and of the United States in more recent times. We must avoid the nationalist inbreeding which produces cultural Kallikaks and Jukes.

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Obviously if UNO itself is not successfully set up, UNESCO as one of its agencies will not function effectively, although it may be noted that the International Labor Office in the field of labor standards was able to continue after the League of Nations had been reduced to ineffectiveness. But after all, we have the failure of the League of Nations to guide us. All the work done at San Francisco, the large Congressional majority in favor of participation in UNO, and the preparations already made for the present meeting of UNO in London strengthen the feeling that this time a better organization can be created.

Indeed the successful organization and operation of UNO is our only insurance against world suicide. The job of UNESCO will be to become the gas for the auto. Behind the political treaties and the covenants, there must be the dynamic urge towards coöperation based upon good will and understanding. Dangerous insistence upon national sovereignty can only be abated and "robbed of its sting" (to use Mr. Eden's recent Parliamentary phrase) if the men of the mind and the majority of the people know and appreciate the social facts of modern life, and in working together for common interests transcend the older dangerous tribal loyalties.

What can UNESCO do? First of all, it can of course promote the exchange of students and teachers. We should think in terms of exchanging yearly some 50,000 students from the United States with those of other countries. Senator Fulbright's proposal in Bill S1636 to convert all the surplus government stocks abroad into available scholarships for study here and abroad is an excellent one. However, face-to-face contact among the students of various countries may only reinforce prejudice if not preceded and followed by instruction about the ways and customs of the nations involved in any planned exchanges.

There should, of course, be an organized exchange not only of textbooks and lesson syllabus material but of newspapers, journals, pamphlets, and leaflets. Teachers should exchange ideas about the methods and materials used. There should be an organized campaign to eliminate illiteracy, and we may recall that more than half of the two billion population of the world suffers from illiteracy. Educators should see to it that culture spelled with a K is eliminated forever, and that teaching should aim to build an international outlook. Already textbooks have been

planned to rescue students from "corridor nationalist history" and to show the common contributions made by the nations to the advance of civilization.

There is room no longer for pedantic semantics, for stuffed shirts, and for phony ideas of nationalist superiority and chosen people. If men cared for democracy and the free society as missionaries have cared for their religion, a group of competent volunteers dedicated to crusading against ignorance could be easily obtained. Operation UNESCO would create the intellectual pipe lines and build the Mulberrys successfully to establish beachheads for a D-Day against ignorance. Freedom from ignorance is inseparable from freedom from want and fear.

One hopeful thing in UNESCO was the emphasis upon mass media. Scientists had already been able to build up contacts on a worldwide scale. UNESCO, however, hopes to serve the people as well as the professors. UNESCO was located in Paris to soothe the feelings of the French, who wanted to continue the League of Intellectual Coöperation, but it was felt that this agency had been much too precious and highbrow in its approach. After all, professors and specialists have committed intellectual incest too long with all

A RECORD OF THE JOURNEY TO THE MOON MADE IN 2053 A.D. BY THE FAMOUS BARTON T. HICKENDUFFER AND A PARTY OF EMINENT SCIENTISTS

By Winona McClintic

FITTE THE FIRST

THE earth fell away from us little by little, which a few observed,
But the eyes of most were fastened upon the spaces that held us
And the stars that neither advanced nor receded. Pulses spoke like men's
And were answered in kind by the dignified hum of the engine that propelled us.
All in childhood had wandered with Truth and with Fact through the lens
And were touched with the wand of Science and marked with appropriate stimuli.
Some among us discussed vivaciously the lemmings' migrations
(Rodentia which possessed the urge for self-destruction, unfortunately)
While others talked hotly of the planet Vulcan, whose orbit had swerved;
It changed its spots and appeared to be winking in its gyrations.

FITTE THE SECOND

OUR noble space-ship sped through the wilderness of the skies,
Grandly from gravity into the archaic zodiac sign.
The spectacles of our leader were shining with the poetry of science;
For the entire nine months and eighteen days they glowed in his head.
The moon was approaching perigee—our charts were our wine and our bread.
We had given a long farewel to our laboratories and families,
And our hearts burned with the primitive-ardor of Freud and Einstein
(Those pioneers who labored heroically, though in later years proven dense).
And the stars burned on in a vigil through never-changing night,
And the sun burned on, but we gained no ray of its light.

FITTE THE THIRD

AS the long stretches of the journey took us nearer the end
We thought less of the factual aspects, more of the code to be solved:
Unusual flora, perhaps the wonderful animal life to apprehend,
Starting it abroad in rich fear, and the new genealogy to be evolved.
There was the moon just below. We shot into the region about it;
We hurtled downward with mad exultation as if we would clout it.
Then as we settled to the ground each man rose eagerly from his seat
And smiled with love and with pride on the argosy that had borne us.
The mountains rose in the rarefied earthlight like the horns of Capricornus,
And the craters were the dark pits beyond Acheron, and Tycho was at our feet.

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too little results in the practical enlightenment of the people.

The American Association for the United Nations has already provided reading lists, pamphlet material, and dramatics programs for the purpose of helping American citizens to become world citizens. Excellent documentary films are now available which will show the real America to the world and save us from Hollywood misrepresentation. The newly formed International Film Foundation, with its aim "to promote better understanding between peoples of different nations, races, and religions," has already produced some excellent documentaries based upon life in the small town of Mt. Vernon, Ohio. The war showed the great possibilities of films in creating mutual understanding. Further it made us familiar with instruction by international radio, which would be appropriate for inculcating a world outlook.

Educators from the war-ravaged nations told of the horrors of countries in which children are in desperate need of physical sustenance to remain alive, of countries in which homes and schools had been destroyed which would have to get material help before UNESCO could function at all. However, the hands of the United States delegation were tied in this matter because the members had been denied by the originating Mundt Resolution authority to make any financial commitments to supply equipment or buildings, and so far UNRRA has no power to give educational and cultural aid. There is no reason, nevertheless, why voluntary effort through individuals and through the great foundations cannot attempt to meet the desperate needs of Europe, where danger of starvation and disease is very real and where schools will have to be built.

Adult education, including workers' education and the activities of the trade unions and the labor educational groups, was given specific recognition by the conference, although reference to these activities was excluded in the final text, which throughout had hesitated to catalogue the various items in the proposed activities. Workers' summer schools, international conferences, exchanges of adult workers for study and vacations are going to be an important part of UNESCO's activities.

The International Labor Office insisted that "peace can be established only if it is based on social justice." UNESCO brings the complement to that idea because it insists that peace must be based upon mutual understanding and appreciation.

MARK STARR.

Strictly Personal

INSPISSATED GLOOM

GOOD old Sam Johnson and his gift for decorous invective! I could never have described the feeling I was left with the other night, had he not come to my rescue. It was at a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of "the nation's foremost progressive school." Suddenly, that massive face of his looked me straight in the eye. "Inspissated gloom!" he hissed at me.

I knew at once what he meant. There is nothing like it in all the world. You try to see, and you find yourself penetrating a fog like "a cloudburst in slow motion"; you try to hear, and the words come wrapped in cotton three layers deep. Mistaking your bewilderment for humility, you estimate the distance to the least conspicuous exit only to discover that the patron ladies at either end of your row are no lowbrows like you: they have come to stay, all 390 pounds of them.

To prove it, they produce two umbrellas, two pencils, two notebooks, two pinces-nez, four feet, and two faces in the act of belligerent fervor. A quick rendezvous with your repentant soul, and you make peace with God and the clock on the wall.

> Yet Time, however loud its chimes or deep,
> However fast its falling torrent flows,
> Has never put the lion off his leap,
> Nor shaken the assurance of the rose.

But to our tale. The agenda for the evening was not unpromising: (1) "Welcome and Report" by the President; (2) "The Place of the School in Relation to Public Education" by the Director; (3) a panel discussion on "The Background and Purposes of an Experimental Progressive School" by two teachers and two parents, to be followed by questions and further discussion from the floor, (4) social hour and refreshments. So it was in a friendly mood that I armed myself for an evening of enlightenment, prepared to come home a wiser and a happier parent.

The president of the association, a woman of fabulous wealth, made a few fabulous observations about the parent body and its relation to the school. I quote: "We are a very special kind of school, and this association is a very special kind of association. We not only believe in democracy; we practise it. We have always been, and must continue to be, a model for other Parent-Teacher Associations in the community, the city, the nation."

"And the stratosphere!" added a mordant wit behind me. Madame President was much too absorbed in her universal mission to be distracted. On the other hand, judging from the lethal stares of the monolithic ladies guarding my row, I feared for his safety.

My friend next to me dropped her knitting. Obviously, there was an exhilarating tension in the air. The canonical hour had come.

Applause; a quick silence. The director of the school was on his feet. He had a brand new haircut. He looked crisp and he spoke even more crisply. "I think I can tell you in the four minutes allotted me what the place of the school in relation to public education is." Then, in the next three and a half—he is a man of more than his word—he explained it as "simply this: to serve as a model to all public schools in the country, and if we can influence public education in China, and Russia, and Turkey as well, we shall feel not only inspired but also rewarded."

His speech was over for him, but for me it kept coming up all evening. Why *Turkey?* All my life I had heard about the "heathen Chinee" and "the white man's burden." But Turkey, that was something new on the horizon. Suddenly my mind wandered to mosques and minarets; and then I even remembered that the Turkish prayer rug near the piano was long past its ornamental usefulness. I was about to make a memorandum about calling Herounian, my rug man, to pick it up in the morning when I discovered that the director had sat down without benefit of my applause.

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Before I could remedy the situation, the chairman of the panel was announcing the subject for discussion and introducing each of the members.

The faculty was represented by a high school teacher and an elementary school teacher; the parents chose as their spokesmen an elementary school mother and a high school father (who was practically silent throughout the discussion). I assume that all four were representative of the roles they were to play in the panel.

The discussion opened with the mother's asking "whether either of the teachers would care to say what the philosophy of this experimental progressive school is." The elementary school teacher did not care to say. It was "too intangible to put into words." Instead she extended a warm invitation to the parents "to see the school in action, to visit it as often as possible, to *live* with us . . ."

(Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove—)

"That is very gracious of you," the mother offered, "but if we don't know what to look for, we can visit our children's class rooms a hundred times and be none the wiser about your aims, or philosophy, or even what experimental progressive education is."

The elementary school teacher agreed and discreetly dropped the subject.

The high school teacher, however, was more adventurous; he was more than willing to "verbalize" the subject. "In the first place," he began, and his voice caressed every word in utter approval, "the primary object of an experimental progressive school is to be a darned good school. The old idea was that there were certain things which were important learnings; a student was given those and then sent out into the world to be a success.

Then what happened? He wound up in the divorce court! Now our object is always to take into consideration the life the youngster will live. He may not know much about intermediate algebra when he gets out, but he'll be a lot better equipped to keep out of the divorce courts."

I glanced over at the director to see whether or not he approved of this astounding definition of school aims. But I could not see his face: his eyes were on the ceiling; he was all chin, though I doubt that he had intended leading with it at that moment.

In the absence of any signs of approval from our director, I became alarmed. Was it or was it not the hope of experimental progressive education to rob Turkey of its harems and teach them the ways of divorceless America? After all, what about taking into consideration the life that the Turkish youngster will live? There was something terribly unromantic about this experimental progressive education business.

The high school teacher was having a wonderful time, though. Somebody had asked what a core course (the heart of the progressive education curriculum) is. "Like anything else with a core, a core course is a course that has a core," he began. The parent shook his head in despair. Our faculty member was in no way discouraged. "Let me put it this way," he "verbalized" patiently. "A core is the principal thing, the central learning which the teacher expects of the child. A core course aims to give practice in thinking with materials."

At this point the father on the panel made his sole contribution to the evening. "It makes children think, across fields," he explained.

The high school teacher was asked for an illustration. He was only too glad to oblige. "Well, take biology," he began. "We merely take the children to a hospital and ask them to see the new-born babies. When they see how out of proportion and ill-coordinated these babies are, they learn a great deal about life." No one asked him to illustrate further how these babies would cut across history, or geography, or literature for the students. But I'm sure that, had he been asked, our teacher's answer would have been equally clear, sure, and definitive.

Then some one on the panel tossed in "development of leadership" as an aim of experimental progressive education. A parent from the floor observed that it had been her experience with the school that, frequently, glib assumption of abilities passed for genuine leadership, and that not infrequently, too, versatility was identified with dilettantism. The elementary school teacher rose evangelically to her denial; why, the school made a *special* point of bringing out the shy child! But the high school teacher had his own answer. "Don't you adults vote for dopes? Then why do you expect your children not to fall for the phoney or the loudmouth?"

There was a signal from the chairman that the discussion must end. Our high school teacher again sounded the note. "Well, whatever it is or is not, at least you know that experimental progressive education is entertaining."

Though we draw the curtain of charity over the rest of the scene, there is still a serious point to make. And here I must assure the reader that I admire deeply the human approach and ever-widening horizon of progressive education. Its ideals are not only high, but also profoundly valid. In fact, what stirred me to record this experience is the reluctant realization that progressive educators are their own worst detractors.

Why, when they are asked for a simple definition of progressive education, must they hide behind polysyllabic jargon? "Learnings," "verbalize," "we-relationship," "areas," "experimental progressive education" (as if progressive education were not automatically committed to salutary experimentation). Granting them the need for these unimaginative descriptives in their trade, why can't they still telescope in intelligible language their methods and their goals?

If progressive education is presented to the parents (and laymen in general) as something so complex that one must write a book every time he is asked for a simple explanation of a term or method of approach, if it is so experimental and unpredictable that its language has not yet caught up with its processes so that it can communicate with the world outside of the school walls, how can it inspire the confidence that it can communicate with the children themselves?

If their aim is to give children a broader point of view toward the materials of knowledge, if their aim is to socialize the thinking of these children in terms of *one* world; if their concern is for the operational values of society, progressive educators must say so simply. Until they learn their own goals and methods so clearly that they can talk about them concretely, they will always give outsiders the feeling that there is *less* here than meets the eye.

Until they learn, the epitaph for progressive education will have to read: "Never was so little concentrated into so many words."

L. Ruth Middlebrook.

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The editors of the SRL *are pleased to publish the following guest editorial written by a distinguished American editor, historian, and publicist.*

THEY WANT TO KNOW

CONGRESS has been asked by the Department of State to authorize an overseas information program as an addition to the foreign service of America. Our present foreign service is chiefly concerned with reporting to Washington about events abroad. It is proposed that in all our embassies and legations we should have men whose sole duty is to help foreigners to understand our life, culture, and institutions so that current events in the United States can be seen in a proper perspective.

Two objections may be raised to this plan: why should America spend money on advertising herself, and why can't the newspapers, press services, and radio supply all the necessary information by private enterprise, without help from government?

The answer to the first question is easy: America should not spend money on advertising herself, and is not proposing to do so. The Department of State is merely undertaking to meet a widespread and articulate demand, a demand for help and guidance in knowing and judging America. It was essential during the war that our allies and our neutral friends should have such help. It is just as important to continue the help in peacetime, since the threatened human race is at last trying to close its ranks and to work coöperatively for the salvation of the world.

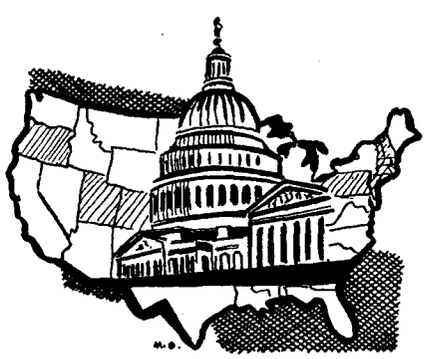
Those who took part in the overseas information work of OWI learned the encouraging fact that the outside world is eager for more knowledge of America. We don't need press agents or good will merchants; we do need people who can meet the desire for facts, for documents, background material, and interpretations of our policies and purposes. It is good news that the desire exists. If the nations are to become less quarrelsome, they must become more informed. If the decent people of the world are to trust each other, they must first know about each other. Since the wish to know has been created by the wars and the repeated disasters of our lifetime, it is surely a wise policy to make the wish come true.

If we are proud of our country, we must believe it is to everyone's advantage to have our country understood. If the world were indifferent there might be nothing we could do, in dignity, to break down the indifference. But when the world is asking for help it would be folly to refuse.

In Great Britain, for example, the schools, the armed forces, the press and radio, women's clubs, trade unions, business organizations, churches—all the institutions of society, public and private—ask continually for help. An information officer is not putting pressure on people to accept his wares; he is under constant pressure to provide more wares.

THE answer to the second question—why can't this be done entirely by private enterprise?—can be given in terms of one form of enterprise: the newspapers and the great news agencies such as AP, UP, Reuters, etc. English newspapers, even if they some day return to prewar size, are very small by American standards. They have no room to print full texts, or even long excerpts, of important speeches in Congress or by the President; they have no room for more than the briefest summary of government documents.

Since they cannot print full texts, they naturally will not pay cable charges on full texts. They buy from the news agencies, or receive from their own correspondents, about as many words as they expect to use. So a five-thousand-word speech may be reduced to two hundred words—and they are likely to be the most flamboyant, spectacular, or perhaps even the most quarrelsome words in the speech. This implies no criticism of the press. The most exciting passages are the most newsworthy, though they may fail to give an accurate impression of the whole.



If an editorial is written on the basis of the two hundred words, instead of the five thousand, it may be unfair to American policy. If a speech is made, or a question asked in Parliament, on the basis of the two hundred words, it may start a chain of misunderstandings and recriminations. This is one of the ways in which well-meaning people, who would like to know and trust each other, drift into ignorance and hurtful criticism. It is very much in the national interest of America to avoid such mistrust as much as possible.

A government information service can provide the full text, in the case of really important speeches, at the same time that private enterprise provides the brief excerpt. The editorial writer, or the politician, wants the full text. Repeated experience during the war shows that he wants it, that he will read it if he can get it, and that he will comment fairly and intelligently if he has a chance to do so. Private enterprise cannot always provide him with the chance. Government can, and therefore government should.

There is no use trying to pick up the pieces after a misunderstanding has been allowed to happen. As in the famous case of Humpty Dumpty, all the King's horses and all the King's men can never fit the pieces together again. Neither can all the President's horses and all the President's men. But a trusted, accurate information service can often prevent the breakage.

Such a service will not trespass on the domain of private enterprise. The press, the radio, the films, the books and magazines, tell much of the story of America. The more they tell, the better for all concerned. The more they tell, the easier the task of a government information service. But it is not their prime purpose to foresee and to ward off misunderstandings, to fill in the gaps, to help the foreigner to know everything about us which he has the will and the ability to learn. In the past, it has been nobody's job to give such help, and the past is dark with unnecessary and undesired ill will. If the future is to be brighter, we must find new ways to allow our neighbors to know us. People can always get along with each other better than governments, if people are given a chance to understand.

HERBERT AGAR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reviewords

SIR: I would like to give the hot shoe
To reviewers who say "shot through."

RICHARD MEALAND.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Who Was "John Quill"?

SIR: Can any reader of SRL suggest a clue to the identity of a humorist who signed himself "John Quill"? He was writing sketches for a New York weekly paper in the late 1860's; no other trace of him can I find.

JOSEPH JONES.

Austin, Tex.

"Entirely a Coincidence"

SIR: When a publisher puts the following statement in the front page of a book, "Any name of an actual person, living or dead, found in these pages is entirely a coincidence. All characters and events narrated are fictional," is the reader entitled to place credence in the statement?

A few years ago a book was put out by a well-known, and as I then believed, reputable publishing house. It bore the above-mentioned guarantee. My reason for reading the book was that someone had told me my mother's name appeared in it.

To my astonishment, I found the book to be made up largely of names and tales of persons I had known intimately. Except for an occasional misspelling, there was not the slightest attempt to disguise real names, and many of the "characters and events" were well known to me.

I took the matter up with the publisher, and received a most unsatisfactory reply. I pursued the correspondence from lower to higher officers of the firm. The entire correspondence was evasive and unsatisfactory, and I finally dropped it in disgust.

But the other day I came across a new copy of the book on a public library shelf, and that utterly false statement again arouses my wonder. Does that guarantee carry any assurance whatever to a reader?

BELLE K. FOX.

Oakland, Calif.

Jural Esthetics and Jural Ethics

SIR: Elmer Rice and the SRL have earned the thanks of every intelligent person by the publication of his open letter (Jan. 12)—the most respectable discussion of legal philosophy I've run across in years. Rice's deft paragraph on legal efforts to define as objective facts such esthetic reactions as are loosely symbolized by terms like *obscene* brings into consideration one of the essential principles of a future scientific legal philosophy.

The principle covering Rice's point is this: Scientifically valid jural esthetics must be completely controlled by jural ethics. Nearly all forms of tyranny arise from violations of this principle.

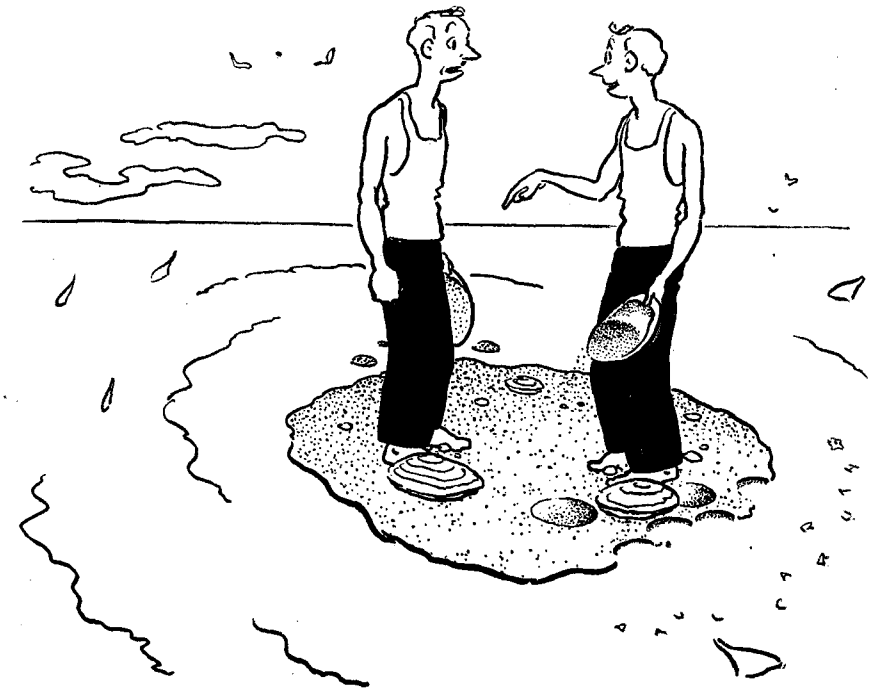
The principle is clumsily stated, perhaps, because it must be both accurate and inclusive, but it is not hard to understand. Esthetics is the philosophical science embracing all studies of the emotional reactions of organisms to the known environment. Esthetic or *feeling* values have the class-name *beauty* with its negative pole *ugliness*. Such words as *obscene, indecent, disgusting* are obviously esthetic and mean *displeasing-to-the-valuer*. In its broadest meaning, *beautiful* denotes *pleasing-to-the valuer* or *pleasing-to-me*, where *me* is every speaker. Since every organism has some unique variations from what is common to all emotional reactions, it is both impossible and stupid to try to universalize or objectify esthetic values. Idealists, from Plato's time to the present, have failed always to provide any logical basis for objective *beauty;* Herbert's *esthetic* realism was a hodge-podge of illogicality. The fact is clear: What may please me, may not please you. And even in theocratic Boston, there are certainly some individuals whose sense of what is pleasant disagrees with that of the churches, the cops, and the barristers.

One can applaud, too, Rice's paragraph on the ethical factor in the principle stated above. He pointed out the obvious difference between such an act as burglary and the act of judging a book in emotional terms. The general class-names for ethical values are *virtue* or *good* with their negative poles, *vice* or *evil*. To validate a scientific definition of *virtue* would require too much space. Jural ethics has found the task simplified by the negative approach and has had very little trouble in defining the objective aspects of *voluntary injury*. Voluntary injury of one or more persons by others is defined in felonies and torts; such voluntary injury definitely constitutes *vice* or *evil* in jural ethics.

When the law confuses esthetic with ethical terms, it penalizes individuals for attempting to assert what is pleasing to them. Thus the legal process becomes, by its own accepted definition of voluntary injury, an evil. The authorities of any governing agency are committing evil acts when they tyrannize over the individual's right to learn and enjoy anything that does not obviously injure others; if those same acts were committed by citizens, the state would invoke its power to punish felonies. The entire commonwealth of Massachusetts, when it seeks to deny a single resident of the state free access to printed material *of any description* (and I permit no qualification of that), is practising tyranny and committing acts which if done by a private person or group would be legally defined as felonious. The same holds for New York City in its closing of burlesque houses, for Chicago in its censorship of such plays as "Tobacco Road," and for the Nazi government that committed crimes against the esthetic preferences of individuals under its tyranny. The difference between the suppression of a book or a play and the suppression of whole races or nations is one of degree. The principle violated is precisely the same in both the major and the minor tyranny.

Can any sponsor of repressive jural esthetics offer logical justification of such misuse of governing power? Rice has issued what is tantamount to a challenge to such sponsors. I humbly offer my meager talents to supplement those of Rice and his estimable colleagues.

However, I wish to point out that Rice has made too great a concession in stating that law is nothing more than an expression of the prevailing *mores*. Valid law is not and never has been an expression of such *mores*. The legal systems that have



"The mainland is over there, so all we have to do to reach it is to keep carrying the dirt from this side to that side."

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grown up like Topsy in our tortured world, it is true, have been too responsive to folkways, but not legal theory. Primitive tribal law consisted of the behaved folkways, but the demoralizing of law began when the first two primitive groups came into conflict. Even Hammurabi recognized the inadequacy of the primitive folkways as social devices fitted to the needs of an empire. Solon explicitly distinguished legal from moral principles, as did Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Antisthenes, Lucretius, Epicurus, and many others. The distinction was made by Mohammed (note the almost Deweyan tentativeness of the Koran), by Gautama Buddha, by Vasubandhu, by Lao Tse, by Confucius, by Sankaracharya, by most of the enlightened Khaliffs of the Abbasside Dynasty, by the Ptolemys, and even by the articles which bound the Five Nations in New England. Often the emphasis on the nature of justice made the legal the master of the moral (see the Maxims of Epicurus). Roman law, which had admirable principles seldom applied, relegated the moral to oblivion in all its provincial codes. Amusingly enough, even the canon law of the present highly moralizing Roman Church underwent a process of de-moralization from the period of Nicaea to the acceptance of the False Decretals by Louis the Pious. The division of the Forum Externum from the Forum Internum in canonical practice had its roots in the Penitentials of John the Faster and became the Church's effort to bring the moral-esthetic phases of behavior within the scope of legal action. If legal scholars who have managed to survive a reading of Hefele's "Concilien-geschichte" want to prove that divorce of canon law from morals, they have only to trace the changing penology associated with simony, clerical celibacy, and the validity of the individual conscience. Even at Nicaea, the moral issue of the Trinity forced the Athanasians to find other than moral grounds for their victory over the Arians.

No, Rice needed to make no such concession concerning the relations of law and morals. In the issue stated by "Strange Fruit," for example, we have proof of the divorce of mores and law in this nation. Race attitudes are moral, definite primitive folkways; the Constitution of the United States opposes that morality. Boston is merely dumb, not merely moral.

LESLIE EVAN SCHLYTTER.

Chicago, Ill.

Shall You Read This?

SIR: Several times lately I have seen in print lamentations and complaints from people who have no more important things to worry about than *shall* and *will*. Usually they are from *shall* worshippers. "A Shaller Speaks Up," in SRL for Jan. 19, by Constance Train, prompts me to put in my two-cents' worth. I, too, at an early age learned "the correct use" of *shall* and *will*—but, alas, when I went to college I learned it was not so simple as I had been taught in the seventh grade. I then had to unlearn all that I had learned.

When I left college I was still in a state of utter confusion. I purchased, some years after, a "modern" grammar (now some twenty years old) and tried to teach myself what my teachers had failed to do. I even made myself a table—a very complicated one which only added to my confusion. After trying to find the lowest common denominator out of a set of "rules" which had so many exceptions that I became dizzy with interrogatives and indirect quotations and conditions, I evolved a very satisfactory, if simple, solution to my problem (?). One fact stood out, crystal clear. As far as this particular first person singular is concerned, *shall* is out. "Shall" expresses "simple futurity." That much I know (or do I?). But what is "simple futurity?" I wonder if there is any such animal. "I shall die"—period. That much I know—also—but that is about all. I can't even say "I shall die tomorrow" without adding "perhaps."

Will, on the other hand, means just what it says. My own will comes into the picture and that is something I can understand. I desire to do this; I am willing to do that; I promise; I am determined to do something. Again those insidious "exceptions!" If I'm glad to do you a favor, I say "I will," but if I add "glad" or "gladly" I should say: "I shall be glad to do so." I should talk like that—and you should live so long as to hear me!

Why should I lay myself wide open by saying "I shall do thus and so" when I know from past experience that a thousand and one other things will go out of their way to conspire against me and prevent me from doing anything in "simple futurity"? If I leave it in the laps of the gods—or imps of Satan—then the cards are stacked against me from the start. If, however, I put my mind and my will to work the chances that I *will* accomplish something are better than even. The situation is well under control, thank you.

I know that there are many things that I *should* do—if I recognize a duty or an obligation I am perfectly willing to say "I should," but if I expect to do anything about it I don't say blithely—and stupidly, "I shall." If I want to do it, "I will." (Or break my neck trying.) Even if I don't want to do it, I can grit my teeth and say, "I will—come hell or high water." If I am in the "habit" of doing something the grammarians—or some of them—will allow me to say, "I will—as usual." Also, I think, to express a "general truth" the correct word is "will." Since everybody dies eventually—or has up to this writing—I may be allowed to accept it as a "general truth" that I also "will die." Will anyone contradict me? Or shall he?

As for "you" and "they": that is even more simple. I can't bring myself to lay down the law to other people. I may venture to tell them they "should" do something—but "you shall" or "they shall?" Never! The world is already too full of such would-be dictators. If you tell me "You shall" you may not mean "or else," but it sounds that way to me and I won't be intimidated.

Shall, therefore, is obsolescent as far as I am concerned, for "all persons." I will do, I will go, I will see, I will try, I will even be glad if I can find anything to be glad about. (If I act with others "we will"—otherwise "I go alone.") And I hope that *you* and *they* will go and do likewise. I may suggest that you (and they) should. I may try to cajole you or kid you—or try to convince you that it's to your own best interests to do so. If I get too exasperated I may even seize you by the collar and issue orders in the imperative. But I *will* not try to impose *my will* on somebody else. I can be determined—for myself. When I say "You shall"—what do I mean? Do I mean that I am determined that you *shall*? If so, to what lengths *will I go*? I shudder to think. Do I mean that I know that *you* are determined? How can I know? I *should* let you be the judge of that—and I *will*.

Shall per se may be innocuous. Its connotation, in the second and third persons, is obnoxious. In the first person, it is colorless and uninteresting—"stale, flat, and unprofitable"—and, to my mind at least, almost without meaning.

I cannot imagine how anyone capable of mental or physical exertion can get all worked up (is that "vicarious exercise?") over the "proper" or "correct" use of *shall* and *will*. If I am able to make such people even wince I am delighted. Maybe they should wince a little oftener. The only grammatical error that ever made me wince (and that was long ago—now it merely amuses me) was "for you and I," because it was used only by people who thought they were being oh, so correct. I have nothing against the grammarians. In fact, some of them seem to me to be more sensible in regard to the English language (and the misuse thereof) than those people who have only a smattering of the subject. I admire people who can speak and write correctly, but I admire still more those who can and will do the correct things—and I don't mean using the right fork at a dinner party. As for Dear Constance and her cohorts I *will* say only this, "Perhaps you *should* go to work and *do* something instead of always talking about it." But you won't. (Habit? General truth? Or simple futurity?)

So, wince, Constance, wince.

After all this I feel better. If anyone can teach me "the correct use" (and why) of *shall* and *will* in ten (10) easy (very easy) lessons, I am (right now and at the present moment) open to conviction. Tomorrow—in this instance—I leave in the laps of the gods. Perhaps I shall be—perhaps I shall not. For I don't give a good-natured damn.

GERTRUDE OZBURN.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

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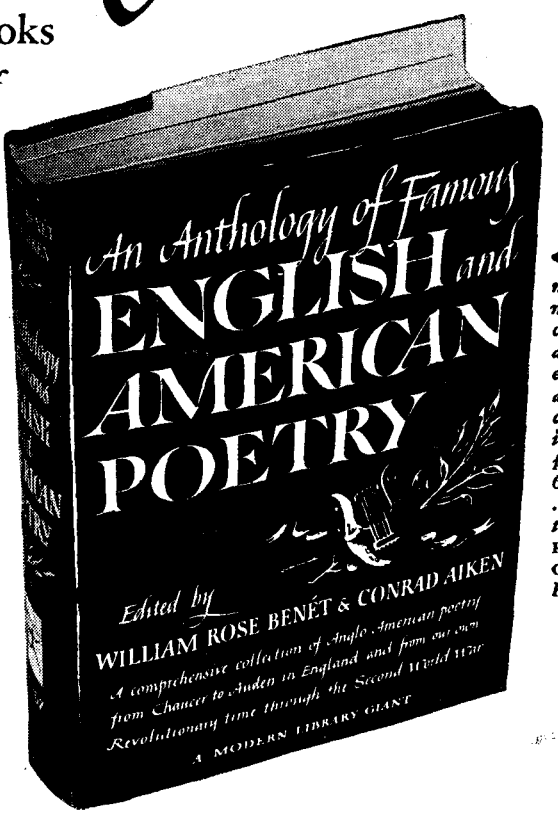
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TRADE Winds

THE CASE OF EZRA POUND

THE LATEST TITLE in the Modern Library Giants is "An Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry." The English section was a new compilation by William Rose Benét. The American section was a thoroughgoing revision by Conrad Aiken of a volume he had edited for the same series some eighteen years previous. Mr. Aiken selected twelve poems by Ezra Pound for inclusion. I objected to printing a single line of Ezra Pound's in the year 1946 in any new volume that bore the imprint of our publishing house.

After full discussion, Mr. Aiken consented to the omission of Pound on the express condition that the titles of the twelve poems be listed, with the clear statement in print that his wishes were overruled by the publishers, who flatly refused at this time to include one word by Ezra Pound. The note appears on page 788 with the added line, "This is a statement that the publishers are not only willing but delighted to print."

Our course seemed so clear to me at the time, our right to pursue it so obvious, that I was dumbfounded to read the following attack in the *New York Herald Tribune* by Lewis Gannett, a critic whom I respect very deeply:

> To me it seems that Mr. Cerf is acting upon a logic akin to that of the Nazis who burned books by democrats. He sets politics above literature. Of course a publisher has the right, in conducting his business, to select books according to his own standards, or even his own prejudices; no one would demand that a publisher of Mr. Cerf's proved democratic passion publish books by authors whose politics or personalities he detests. But a publisher's list is not an anthology; it does not pretend to represent the whole field of letters, or any part of it representatively.
>
> To produce a volume advertised as a "comprehensive" collection of verse, and to exclude recognized poetry from it simply because of an author's war-time attitudes, is another matter. It is to behave like the Victorian moralists who used to refuse to read poetry by poets known to violate the canons of the Church in their personal lives, or to listen to music by composers known to live outside the bonds of matrimony. The logic of the act would require Random House to bar from its Modern Library Knut Hamsun's great novel, "Growth of the Soil," because its author became in war-time an avowed devotee of Adolf Hitler and of Vidkun Quisling, which would obviously be absurd and stultifying. This may be well intended "patriotism," but it is also ill-thought hysteria, a blot on American publishing and a disservice to American democracy.
>
> Ezra Pound's reputation as a poet rests upon his work of twenty or thirty years. This reviewer, as a critic, met him late. When his "Draft of XXX Cantos" was published in this country, in 1933, I quoted in this column impressive tributes to Pound by Ford Madox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, and T. S. Eliot, remarking that such judgments made me "a little reluctant to put in print my own simple-minded conviction that he is a talented, angry, exhibitionistic small boy thumbing his nose at the world, on the melodious theme, 'All things are foul in this season.'" Pound's subsequent course has not lessened that conviction.
>
> Yet neither treason nor insanity can affect Pound's right to a place in anthologies of poetry. It would be the sheerest cultural barbarism if the publishers of other anthologies should follow Mr. Cerf's course and exclude Pound's work from new editions of their books. Mr. Cerf's act naturally leads a critic to re-read Mr. Pound's early verse, and my own judgment of it would be different from that passed on his "Cantos." Nor have other critics disagreed. Readers curious to judge for themselves will find some of the poems Mr. Cerf has refused to print in "American Poets," edited by Mark Van Doren; in "The Oxford Anthology of American Literature," edited by William Rose Benét and Norman Holmes Pearson; in "A New Anthology of Modern Verse," edited by Selden Rodman; in "The Oxford Book of Modern Verse," edited by William Butler Yeats—indeed, in any of the better anthologies.
>
> But the quality of Mr. Pound's verse is not in question; Mr. Cerf boldly rests his judgment upon Pound's politics. With such standards, literature goes out the window. I hope that Random House will reconsider its decision, and that no other publisher will imitate it.

I telephoned Lewis Gannett at once to voice my protest. He said I was acting "purely from emotion," but very generously offered to print any statement I cared to make in full. This was my letter to him:

> By omitting some poems by Ezra Pound from our new Modern Library "Anthology of English and American Poetry" I drew from you the accusation that I was indulging in "a bit of publisher's hysteria," and "acting upon a logic akin to that of the Nazis who burned books by democrats." I disagree violently.
>
> As you say, I refrained from arguing that nobody in America should publish the poetry of Ezra Pound. To advocate such a course would indeed be thinking along Nazi lines. I simply said that I would not publish him (the "I" stands for my partners, Donald Klopfer and Robert Haas, as well as myself, since all of us are firmly agreed on this point). I believe that a publisher in a democratic country has the right to decide what he will publish and will not publish over his imprint. I have devoted the better part of my life to building up Modern Library and Random House lists of which I may feel proud. When I no longer can choose and reject exactly what I want to for those imprints, I do not want to remain in the publishing business.
>
> It is true that Conrad Aiken was appointed editor of the American section of the anthology, and that I was morally bound, therefore, to rely on his judgment. As a publisher, however, I believe I retained the right to question his final lists of selections. By the same token he had the right to refuse any suggested amendments. I was delighted, as a matter of fact, with everything he picked except the Pound poems. At this point he was given a clear-cut choice: He could remain as editor, with a footnote stating the names of the Pound poems he had selected for inclusion and the reason why they were left out, or he could withdraw as editor, being paid for his work. Happily for Random House, he chose the former course. His name or his viewpoint are in no wise compromised. The reader can find the omitted poems in other anthologies if he so desires. I believe that the majority of Modern Library patrons will cherish this collection more with Pound left out. Anyone who buys this book under what he decides were false representations may have the purchase price refunded.
>
> Ezra Pound, after doing everything in his power to win the war for Hitler and Mussolini, and broadcasting continually to American soldiers to throw down their arms in the most critical days of the war, has been declared "insane." I think he is no more insane than any of the Nazis now on trial for their lives, or Lord Haw Haw, or young Amery, or the swine who managed the concentration camps. Judged by the standards of normal, civilized human beings, they were "insane," too. Pound, by his deliberate and consistent actions over a long period of years, sacrificed any claims, in my opinion, either to the title of "poet" or the title of "American." When you say I excluded his work because of his "war-time" attitude, you are guilty, I think, of the prize understatement of the year. Pound's

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"You know, I'd never in the world have guessed it was the good-looking son who murdered the rich Mrs. Bodkins."

attitude was no result of the stress of war; it was the culmination of long years spent in trying to destroy democratic principles to which a true poet is devoted.

Damn it, Lewis, this war is not over. The same ideology that caused it—the ideology that Pound has preached—is still all too prevalent in the world. Every time you parade the work of a man who represents such ideas, especially while he still lives, you are in a sense glorifying him, and giving tacit approval to his point of view.

Plenty of American publishers can still be persuaded to publish the writings of Ezra Pound and men who think the way he does. I gag at the idea of paying a man like that the few dollars necessary for formal permission to print his lines. That money—and the time being devoted by well meaning citizens to defend Pound—should be spent multiplied a thousand-fold, it seems to me, for purposes more in keeping with everything this country is supposed to stand for.

You say I am being emotional about this. Of course I am! How can you help being emotional about the most important struggle in the world today?

Since this letter appeared in the *Herald Tribune*, I must say in all fairness that I have been shaken by the fact that Henry Commager, Wystan Auden, Max Lerner, and, in my own office, Robert Linscott have agreed with Lewis Gannett. The opinion of these five, whose political convictions are so akin to my own, obviously cannot be tossed aside lightly. It would be a simple matter to include the poems in future editions of the anthology and call the argument closed. This I will do in all humility if convinced that I am wrong.

To date, at least, I am not convinced at all. I confess that my stand, carried to logical intellectual conclusions, leaves me threshing in dangerous waters indeed. I am reluctant to admit, however, that politics and art are quite so divorced as Max Lerner professes to believe. It seems to me that an artist, because of his position in the community, has a double responsibility to the public at large.

The stake we are fighting for is nothing less than the future of America. It's all very well to say that we dare not employ any of the tactics of the enemy, lest we fall into the same damning philosophy they preach, but against an enemy of such strength, so determined and so implacable, how often can we *afford* to "turn the other cheek" and trust that abstract right and justice will triumph in the end? It's a devilish problem!

I appeal to the readers of *The Saturday Review* for their considered judgment on this moral issue, which is obviously as important to every reader as it is to the parties directly involved.

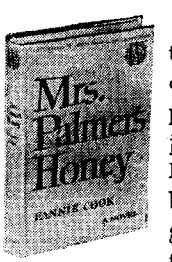
BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"

I HAVE just been looking at an ad which we ran in Publishers' Weekly of January 5th, an ad on **Mrs. Palmer's Honey.** **Mrs. Palmer's Honey** is the first *George Washington Carver Award* novel, a choice arrived at after two years of sifting and wondering and judging.

The copy in the ad reads very well and accurately, in fact it sort of steals what I had intended to say here. It doesn't overstate the case, doesn't exaggerate the pride we have in presenting the book. And as a layout job it looks good.

But to my mind, there is one thing radically wrong with it. Both as a picture cut-out and as small paragraph inserts, it features a photograph of Pauline Myers (an actress now appearing in Dear Ruth) in what is unmistakably a maid's uniform with apron. Honey Hoop, in the employ of Mrs. Palmer. The trouble is that the picture immediately conjures up all the unpleasant thoughts connected with maid-service during the war—thoughts of trying to get a B-card because the maid has to go to the movies, thoughts of menus which must cater to her own palette at the expense of everyone else's. I take one look at this attractive gal's intelligent face and I wonder why on earth she should have wanted to turn her ankle on the oriental carpet trying to rush to madame's bedroom.



I think they have failed to get across the message of the book. Most people when they read ads, just read the big type. Most of them would not bother with the intelligent and pertinent copy—the fact that here is a novel which has a social conscience, and yet is "devoid of lynchings, mixed love affairs, and profanity"; a novel which eases its points along with good reading rather than a series of sledge-hammer speeches punctuated by spit; a novel which was chosen only after we had considered books by Walter White, Arna Bontemps, Chester Himes, and many others.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

THE LATEST CLARK EXPEDITION

WHAT a doily is to a soup tureen; what a punching-bag is to Joe Louis; what the Navy goat is to Annapolis, or, for that matter, the Army mule is to West Point, a stooge is to a comedian. Most of the funny fellows need their stooges. They need them the way a plant needs water, or a moving-man—in order to strut his stuff and yours—needs furniture. The great Bobby Clark* is no exception.

Long, long ago, when General Eisenhower was a Boy Scout, there was Clark-and-McCullough. In the realm of slapstick, their names were as inevitably linked as are those of Lewis and Clark in the annals of exploration. From the happy moment in 1905 when they were first joined together in the cause of laughter, right down until 1936, when the death of Paul McCullough put the team asunder, the two of them were as inseparable as Topsy and Eva.

McCullough was a bleary-eyed fellow with a husky voice. He used to be encased in a spread of unidentifiable fur which was more than a garment. It was one of the most withering editorials ever written against that collegiate's dream—a raccoon coat. In the electricity of their joint act, McCullough was the negative to the blue-eyed Bobby's positive. In his own rights McCullough was not funny. For this very reason he made Bobby Clark seem all the funnier. The fact that he seemed to realize he had no rights of his own perhaps explains why McCullough was a perfect stooge.

Since McCullough's death, Bobby Clark has continued to prance and slither on his hilarious way. All playgoers gratefully acknowledge this who have guffawed at him in such rough-and-tumble musicals as "The Ziegfeld Follies," "The Streets of Paris," "Star and Garter," and "Mexican Hayride." To each of these he has brought his terrier agility, his bent-kneed scrapings, his retrieved cigar, his inspired croakings, and those painted spectacles which encircle his fluorescent eyes.

Brave and successful as he has been in pursuing his solitary course, Mr. Clark has, not unnaturally, kept his blue eyes spread wide looking for a replacement. His search these past seasons has been for someone worthy to step into McCullough's sizable shoes. What is more, he has, from time to time, given several fellows a try. Each of them has been a newcomer so far as Mr. Clark was concerned. All things considered, his new stooges have been a pretty distinguished lot. One of them, you see, was named William Congreve; another, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The latest is a Frenchman, baptized Jean Baptiste Coquelin. Mr. McCullough could hardly object to him. He just happens to be better known as Molière.

If, because of his intermittent assaults upon the classics, Mr. Clark appears as a poacher in the formal gardens of Walter Hampden, let me quickly say that this is not entirely true.

Although both Mr. Hampden and Mr. Clark may be addicted to the "standard" drama, their own standards are not the same. They are actors who are not apt to be confused. Professor Brander Matthews and Billy Minsky could not have been more safely removed than they are from the humiliations of mistaken identity.

In the merriest of the old comedies Mr. Hampden can be as grave as a college president meeting with his trustees. He is a student and a traditionalist. His respect for the past is solemn to the point of being sobering. His endeavor has been to embalm the classics so that, to their authors, their features would be at least recognizable. Mr. Clark, on the other hand, sneaks up on the works of the illustrious dead with a body-snatcher's irreverence. He digs them up, plays mumblety-peg with their bones, and makes mud-pies out of their ashes.

Mr. Clark may approach the Messrs. Congreve, Sheridan, and Molière carrying a zowie seat instead of bay leaves in his hand. But do not be fooled into believing that, because of this, he does not come bearing gifts. He does. Not gifts that Edwin Booth would perhaps have relished. But gifts which Grimaldi, Grock, and Bozo Snyder would certainly have envied.

—*Alfredo Valente*

Of Bobby Clark it can be said, "Not since Hitler danced his madman's jig at Compiègne has a foreigner dared to cavort so sacrilegiously on a bit of French property."

When, five years back, Mr. Clark burst as Ben the Sailor into the Players' Club revival of "Love for Love," Congreve took a roll in the tanbark from which, no doubt, such of his solemn admirers as Allardyce Nicoll have not to this day recovered. Yet the simple truth is that Bobby Clark pocketed the show. Indeed, he so swiped it from those who were playing "straight" that even now, when we recall his antics in it, none of us can keep our faces straight.

Mr. Clark did the same salvaging damage to Sheridan when later, in a production of "The Rivals" under the Theatre Guild's awesome aegis, he capered as Bob Acres to his heart's content and ours. Sheridan may have been more than forty miles away, but Clark was present.

There can be no doubt about it. If any members of the French Academy or any directors of the Comédie Française were taken to see Mr. Clark in "The Would-Be-Gentleman," all of them, after filling the air with groans uttered in accents grave, acute, or circumflex, would die of thrombosis. Not since Hitler danced his madman's jig at Compiègne has a foreigner dared to cavort so sacrilegiously on a bit of occupied French property. Mr. Clark has not revived Molière. He has survived him. In him he has found his latest successor to Paul McCullough.

Mr. Clark is more than an inspired clown. He is also a complete realist. He knows that, failing a live partner, there is no stooge quite as reliable as a dead author. A dead author is more than self-effacing. He is self-effaced. The immortals leave Mr. Clark unafraid. He becomes as bold in their presence as most of us manage to be

* *THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN, a play based upon Molière. Presented by Michael Todd. Staged by John Kennedy. Scenery by Howard Bay. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. With a cast including Bobby Clark, June Knight, Edith King, Gene Barry, Ann Thomas, Leonard Elliott, Eleanore Whitney, Donald Burr, John Heath, Ruth Harrison, and Alex Fisher. At the Booth Theatre.*

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Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

only when we are waging warfare on the telephone. He knows that dead men sign no contracts. He is aware that at rehearsals they indulge in no backseat driving. He realizes they are not apt to rush to the Dramatists Guild with their protests. He can jump on their works as easily as he can tread on their graves. As a zany, he finds their silence golden.

Mr. Clark swings Molière to suit his own temperament. He practically swings him from the chandeliers. The broad outline of the comedy's story remains the same the Sun King knew. In it an addlepated little parvenu once again yearns to be worthy of Louis's court. Once again this moneyed snob is made a fool of by his tailor and by the drones who give him lessons in fencing, dancing, and philosophy. Once again at the evening's end he is tricked into marrying his daughter to a commoner.

But "The Would-Be Gentleman" is now Mr. Clark's evening, not Molière's. Molière has ceased to be a dramatist. He has become a red carpet, a springboard, and a mat in a gym. Above all, he has dwindled into a feeder. Mr. Clark, however, is too much of a gentleman to bite the hand that feeds him. Quite rightly Molière's name does not even appear on the program. Throughout the performance Molière is taken for granted, that is when he is not being taken on the most uproarious of dizzying rides.

Although Monsieur Jourdain is still surprised to discover that what he speaks is prose, Molière would be even more surprised by Mr. Clark's language. Mr. Clark is not a classicist at heart. The comedies he knows his way around in are low, not high. His spirit is closer to burlecue than to Versailles. Coquelin would have shuddered at what Mr. Clark does, but the posthumous approval of Coquelin is Mr. Clark's last worry. He is out after belly laughs. What is more, he wins them, unhampered by any thoughts as

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Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Book & Lyrics by Betty COMDEN & Adolph GREEN
Music by Leonard BERNSTEIN
Dances by Jerome ROBBINS
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
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KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. CI. 5-5200
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to whether his means are fair or foul. He does more than stoop to conquer. He lies down, bends double, gurgles, trots, ogles, smirks, kicks, trips, scrapes, and snorts. In fact, he indulges in every one of the foolproof devices which have won him laughs these many merry years. Although his sense of history may cause him to banish his cigar, and he may once more get along without his painted spectacles, in all other ways he remains the ebullient Bobby Clark.

I notice some of my more learned confrères, all of whom seem to have known Molière personally, felt that a little bit of such fooling went too long a way. They persuaded me to believe that what I was about to see, though good for a scene or two as a travesty in a musical, would bog down before the evening's end. I, therefore, kept expecting to get tired. Honesty compels me to confess, however, that the only fatigue I knew came from laughing too much.

As a people, we do not take readily to the fopperies of artificial comedy. Our actors are apt to be lost enough when in straight revivals they try to assume the airs and graces of the Restoration. In their search for period style, they overact these comedies as no good English players would think of doing. They mistake convulsions for etiquette, palsy for eloquence, and St. Vitus's dance for good manners. If Congreve or Wycherley can down them, our actors, as a rule, are even more lost when asked to impersonate the courtiers of Molière.

I don't mean to insist that Mr. Clark's solution to the problem of Molière is the only possible one. But I do mean to say that I, for one, would far rather have him reach for his snuff, and ask the people next to him if they wouldn't like some "snoof," than see any number of grave Equity members waving their handkerchiefs, fluttering their fans, and making cobra gestures with their arms under the impression that these exertions are guarantees that they are pals of Madame de Montespan or "Comédiens du Roi." Something tells me that, baffled as he might have been by Mr. Clark's prose, Molière would have understood the spirit of his performance. I do hope Mr. Clark leaves Hamlet alone.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Sort of Ballade

By LEE SIMONSON

(To Several Managements)

WHERE are the bravos of yesternight?
Where are my sets of yesterday,
Brave with color, effulgent light,
That held you in their magic sway?
Methinks that we have lost our way
When playwrights treat of joy or gloom
But find no site for what they say
Except another living room.

Let us evade in happy flight
The inventories of today,
The furnishings that seem "just right"—
Overstuffed couch and cocktail tray—
Let mimes make love in Paraguay,
The corpse be found in Berg-op-Zoom,
Montevideo, or Bombay,
But not in another living room.

Our realism I indict,
Discreet, genteel, restrained and gray.
Recall the heroes from Time's night,
Let them parade in bright array—
King, queen and slave, knight, and abbé
In cowl and crown and cape and plume
In Caledonia or Cathay,
But not in another living room.

ENVOY

Princes, your clemency I pray,
Unless you would decree my doom.
Let me do settings for a play,
But not another living room!

Thirteen Memoirs

COURTS AND CABINETS. By G. P. Gooch. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 372 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THE writing of history by scholars can fulfill two purposes: One is to make us understand the great forces at work in history, especially the trends in nations and civilizations which determine their character and their actions. The other, certainly less important but probably more enjoyable, attempts to revive the atmosphere of past times and to depict the personal and social life of bygone eras. If these eras are those of splendor and intrigue, if the scene of the actions takes place at royal courts and in high political society, the historian who will deal with them will undoubtedly appeal to a large number of grateful readers who will be instructed and delighted at the same time.

The literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is well known for the memoirs of writers like Saint Simone and Horace Walpole, of Mme. de Motteville and Wilhelmina of Prussia. Dr. Gooch, a distinguished British historian, has selected thirteen memoirs and has retold them for modern readers in a way which makes them valuable studies in human nature. We watch the great ones of past centuries live, struggle, amuse themselves, and work, so to speak, in glass houses. Very little if anything will be gained from such a book for the understanding of Britain or Germany, of France or Europe, of the forces shaping our own destiny. Such a book leaves us like a novel, and that the facts related were true facts, and that the actors were personalities who truly did live, only enhances the value of the narrative in which truth is stronger than fiction. Though nothing will be gained to an understanding of our times, the insight into human nature will be deepened, and the fascination of past times which were not always "the good old days" will be recreated for the readers of today.

Screen

VERONICA LAKE
SUNNY TUFTS
in
MISS SUSIE SLAGIE'S
with
LILLIAN GISH

IN PERSON
DANNY KAYE
Georgia Gibbs
Tip, Tap & Toe
Bob Chester and his Orchestra

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Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

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A Voice To Be Heeded

HUMAN LEADERSHIP IN INDUSTRY, THE CHALLENGE OF TOMORROW. By Sam A. Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 112 pp. $2.

Reviewed by SAUL CARSON

MR. EMPLOYER! Do you suffer from over-acidity of the union's demand for a thirty percent wage increase? Are you soft around the maintenance-of-membership clause? Do the checkoff spots dance before your eyes? Don't despair, do a Sewell Avery act or hire a squad of goons. You'd only be accentuating your neuroses. Now take that brown taste in your mouth; it may come only from indigestion of your "emotional precipitate." Perhaps the "Marxist flavor" didn't agree with you, which would be enough to make any entrepreneur's id kick up. You see, old fellow:

> History shows that every social and economic system has been subjected to criticism. The capitalist regime, in an era of political freedom, has been subjected to a persistent moral offensive. Employers have been made to feel that they are the oppressors. Because under this system leadership has been constantly under the charge of exploiting its subordinates, inner feelings of uneasiness or guilt, which modern psychologists claim we all possess within our unconscious areas, have been stirred up. Thus the relations of employers with labor were tinged with an unpleasant emotional state, which made the whole subject disagreeable to them. Consequently, as with many distasteful subjects, there has been a tendency to neglect labor relations. This tendency may be compared to the *flight from reality* found in a person, particularly one who is neurotic, who does not want to face a disturbing situation.

Now there's no need for anyone to be misled by this brief excerpt from Sam A. Lewisohn's book (his own italicization of *flight from reality* and all) into taking too many things for granted. Therapy is somewhat more complex than hiring an expensive psychoanalyst for one's wife. Even Mr. Lewisohn concedes that the Freudian approach to labor-management differences "may be only a clue" to the nature of the malady, only one of the more easily discernible symptoms resulting from the employer's "acquired attitudes." There are other difficulties. Those who hire people or supervise their work are likely to tend toward "natural autocracy." Industrialists employ the latest scientific methods along the assembly line but, too often, rely on obsolete formulae in the handling of the human equation. Mr. Lewisohn concedes that some employers have been accused of just hating unions on principle, engaging in slave-driving tactics, or being too ready to share nothing but the lean years with their workers; but those things, of course, are due only to the stupidity of some superintendents and the sheer orneriness of foremen—the man at the top is as pure as driven plutonium. Of course, he makes mistakes. Sometimes he is foolish enough to think that paternalism will help. Realistically, the author points out that those who try to get to heaven through outright benefactions seldom achieve absolution along that route.

Lewisohn does indicate a way, however. His book is a plea for the education of the engineers, superintendents, and foremen who run industry. He wants them to learn about collective bargaining, obtain a working knowledge of labor law, find out about the tools of modern labor unionism. He asks that they don't fear labor but learn how to deal with it. He assures the employers: "I am not suggesting a 'soft' policy, but a wise policy, neither a weak spirit nor a die-hard spirit, but fairness and understanding." And those whom he addresses may trust him. No traitor to his class he, nor a fanatic. President of the Miami Copper Company, past president of the American Management Association, an expert on investments —Mr. Lewisohn's is a voice that industry might heed with absolute confidence.

Of course those whose biases are blindly pro-labor, or liberals uninterested in apologetics for capitalism, might make sport of Mr. Lewisohn's application of Freudian whitewash to the bruised feelings of employers. But he is not writing for such. His advice is extended to management, and it is sound advice. He is trying to convince large employers of labor that, since trade unionism is here to stay, they might as well learn to understand the game and play it scientifically. If enough employers listen to Lewisohn's advice; if enough top managers attain a share of his persuasiveness, urbanity, and tough realism, the labor leaders on the other side of the collective-bargaining table would wish they had not only solid unions behind them but Sigmund Freud as well. Even then, the trade union men would be in danger if Lewisohn chose to appear in person. His little book shows that he knows enough about handling labor to tie many a union agent into a knot of complexes.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP

The following narrative, by Ned Beatty Bartlow, of Baton Rouge, incorporates 40 titles of plays. Allowing 2½ points for each one you can pick out, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 34.

Hedda Gabler and Anna Christie sat in the laburnum grove talking of where they should spend their holiday and who should accompany them.

"There's always Juliet," said Hedda, "but she suffers so from hay fever that she could not enjoy the flowers of the forest.

"I really should prefer the Hotel Universe," said Anna, "but I can't go like a beggar on horseback to such a grand hotel."

"Oh, no," replied Hedda, "that isn't the house it used to be, even if the royal family did patronize it in the old days because of its famous cherry orchard. Moreover, it is too far from the Dover Road to suit me, for though I am long past the romantic age and no longer feel suppressed desires for arms and the man, I still have something of the New York idea about life and refuse to be too far removed from the street scene."

"Look at that couple who have just met under the vinegar tree," interrupted Anna. "How well her mourning becomes Electra! Much better than that old yellow jacket she used to wear, though I doubt if she grieves much for the dear departed. Temperamentally she was always the old maid."

"Who is with her?" asked Hedda. "Why, it's John Ferguson! There surely was a man who married a dumb wife. This must be a strange interlude for him after Candida, though between you and me she usually dresses like a servant in the house."

"A woman of no importance, quite déclassé, whose personal appearance always looks as though she had just come out of the kitchen," agreed Anna. "But for all that a good woman, who realizes fully the importance of being earnest. No doubt she was a constant wife and never thought of leaving him until his journey's end. I suppose at heart she's a kind lady, even if not one of the best people."

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Striding Down Freedom Road

MARCHING BLACKS. By Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

NEGRO LABOR: A NATIONAL PROBLEM. By Robert C. Weaver. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 329 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THE first of these is a fighting book—a non-violent fighting book. It is also a victory book, for there are in its pages no doubts about the outcome. The marching blacks are marching—and the direction is not back to slavery.

> On December 7, 1941 [writes Congressman Powell] America for the first time in its history enlisted upon two wars simultaneously. One was a world war and the other a civil war. One was to be a bloody fight for the preservation and extension of democracy on a world basis—the other a bloodless revolution within these shores against a bastard democracy.

These last two are not pleasant words for some white ears. For the black man to say it straight out that our democracy is illegitimate spawn will rouse fury among white-supremacy folk. Yet Mr. Powell has chapter and verse for his indictment. "The sneak attack of the Japanese upon our mid-Pacific base was no more vicious than the open attacks that had been waged consistently . . . against the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights." And, as he later shows, that are today being waged by Congressmen in their fight against the Negro's right to fair employment practices.

The author calls his book "an interpretive history of the rise of the black common man;" and he dedicates it "to the freedom fighters of the earth, at home and abroad, black and white, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic." The book is written in the context of a world fight for freedom. We are, as he rightly tells us, waging a civil war that extends all over the world—a war between those who insist upon their right to push others around, and those who, with a new passion of energy, insist that others shall no longer be pushed around.

The book tells the story of the Negro's growth "not in terms of statistics, population, and wealth, but in terms of his increasing mass power." This power, the writer says, is a new phenomenon. Negroes have hitherto failed chiefly because of divisions among themselves: differences as to policy—between those who would appease the white man and those who would fight him; between those who would beg favors of him and those who would demand rights; between those who would resign themselves to be meek hewers of wood and drawers of water in a white man's society and those who would aspire to any level of profession or occupation of which their minds were capable. There were the divisions, too, of caste and class. Negroes imitated the snobbery of the whites, looking down upon their darker or their poorer fellows from heights of lighter color or greater wealth.

Dr. Powell tells a story of Negro unification that is amazing both as a fact and as a portent of the future. If he is correct in his account (and he brings fact after fact to support his contention), the Negro is no longer powerless. In achieving his own unification — in becoming the "mass Negro"—he has found his essential weapon of offense and defense.

But the Negro does not stand alone. A growing number of whites are marching beside him. This, obviously, is as it should be. Negro nationalism has no place where equality is the word. For where equality is the word there must be an equality of fighting valor. Whites and blacks must fight side by side. In this book they are shown, in instance after instance, fighting and moving ahead together.

For the white reader who is well minded toward the Negro but who is still unclear about the distance we must go before the racial issue approaches a solution this book should be illuminating reading. In few books is the ugliness of racial injustice so vividly and succinctly described; in few is the case so clearly stated for the fact that race prejudice is a poison that kills dignity and decency in the souls of race haters.

In the final part of the book, Dr. Powell proposes a strategy of mass migration from the South. Here opinions will seriously differ. To some persons, a mass migration of Southern Negroes into the already congested slums of Northern cities, particularly at a time when anti-Negro sentiment has been roused among Northern whites, would appear to be a grave mistake. Successes, such as those the author describes, along political lines would seem to such persons to be far more effective.

The author's bitterness against the betrayal of Christianity by the churches should be read by all churchmen. Defiantly he asserts:

> The first duty of the blacks . . . is to Christianize religion . . . Negro religionists refuse to be divided by the age-old antagonisms of the white church—Protestant versus Catholic, denomination versus denomination . . . The Protestantism of Luther was of dubious doctrine. The Protestantism of the postwar world will be a Protestantism of protest. Based upon the spirit, it will cut across all existing lines of communion. It will be a religion of one faith, one people and one world, and not a provincial ecclesiasticism. It will recognize goodness in all the religions of the earth, and will not strive to place Christianity on a competitive basis but on a coöperative one. This is the religion of the new man the world over, black and white, brown and yellow.

Mr. Weaver's book on "Negro Labor" is a valuable piece of detailed re-

ANSWERS TO LITERARY I. Q.

Ibsen: "Hedda Gabler." O'Neill: "Anna Christie." Priestley: "Laburnum Grove." Barry: "Holiday."

Van Druten: "There's Always Juliet." Coward: "Hay Fever." Van Druten: "The Flowers of the Forest."

Barry: "Hotel Universe." Kaufman and Connelly: "Beggar on Horseback." Baum: "Grand Hotel."

Bordeaux: "The House." Dunsany: "If." Ferber and Kaufman: "The Royal Family." Chekhov: "The Cherry Orchard." Milne: "The Dover Road." Milne: "The Romantic Age," Glaspell and Cook: "Suppressed Desires." Shaw: "Arms and the Man." Mitchell: "The New York Idea." Rice: "Street Scene."

Osborne: "The Vinegar Tree." O'Neill: "Mourning Becomes Electra." Hazelton and Benrimo: "The Yellow Jacket." Houghton: "The Dear Departed." Akins: "The Old Maid."

Ervine: "John Ferguson." France: "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." O'Neill: "Strange Interlude." Shaw: "Candida." Kennedy: "The Servant in the House."

Wilde: "A Woman of No Importance." Akins: "Déclassé." Riley: "Personal Appearance." Thomas and Miller: "Come Out of the Kitchen." Middleton: "A Good Woman." Wilde: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Maugham: "Constant Wife." Sheriff: "Journey's End." Chodorov: "Kind Lady." Gray and Hopwood: "The Best People."

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search in a field where the knowledge of most of us is vague or scanty or non-existent. It is the story of labor, management, and government facing the new and difficult problems of peace conversion with the added difficulty of fitting the Negro into the picture. Part I describes in careful detail the overall development, from the first reluctant admission of a few Negroes into war work to their eventual inclusion in large numbers under the President's directive against job discrimination. This part records, too, the almost complete breakdown because of inefficient vocational training in most of the schools allotted to Negroes. Mr. Weaver writes:

> At the close of World War I, the Negro emerged with a foothold in unskilled jobs in heavy industry. During World War II, he acquired a foothold in single-skilled and semi-skilled jobs in many industries and a place as a worker in a wide variety of industries and plants . . . This much we can now say, the Negro has improved his economic status during the war emergency.

Part II of the book takes up the interpretation of this modest statement, discussing in detail the factors which play on the Negro in the economic life of the country. Part III discusses the future of the Negro in our economy.

This volume, in its own sober way, is a backing up of what Mr. Powell writes in his more militant book. Out of the multitude of economic facts and figures the picture comes clear: The Negro presses forward. If the economy prospers, he will continue to press forward. If he is halted, it will be because the economy has turned sick.

Both books prove with utter clarity that the day is past when the white man can hope to put the Negro "back in his place." The Negro's place is by the white man's side.

Islands Whose Names Will Live

ON TO WESTWARD. By Robert Sherrod. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 333 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
Brigadier General DONALD ARMSTRONG

MR. SHERROD proved in his "Tarawa" that he is among the foremost eye-witness reporters of the Pacific war. He sustains his preëminence in this second report that describes Admiral Nimitz's Central Pacific campaign on Saipan, Iwo Jima, and the initial stages of Okinawa. Mr. Sherrod's realism is vivid and varied and utterly without glamor. His book confirms the words of Isaiah that "every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood: But this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." For burning and fuel of fire became one of the chief weapons against the Japanese when they sought refuge in their caves and underground burrows on these islands.

The warriors Mr. Sherrod writes about are the Marines. The confusion is lessened, at least for the reader of this stirring book, by his ability to describe the battlefield, to explain the enemy and the esprit de corps and courage of the Marines, and their ways and means of annihilating the defending garrisons. The Army divisions that fought with the Marines may be disappointed to find little reference to their activities. Mr. Sherrod points out, however, that he writes "what he sees and hears and feels," that he seeks to "reflect the mood of men in battle as those men appear and talk and fight." Consequently, he writes principally of a comparatively small sector within his own sight and hearing, and as he accompanied the Marines in their landings and advances, the other troops are only casually mentioned. Nevertheless these samples of "island-hopping" illustrate accurately the grim price of victory against the Japanese. There is enough about the rest of the fighting beyond the reach of Mr. Sherrod's eyes and ears to make understandable the conduct of these campaigns with the help of a few simplified maps.

When Mr. Sherrod reached headquarters he looked about him and gathered material for sketches of Admiral Nimitz and many of his Navy and Marine assistants. He also likes to name names of enlisted men and officers whose exploits are particularly noteworthy. Certainly the Marines will include Mr. Sherrod among their favorite authors. The layman will doubtless find that the book rouses emotions of fear and horror rather than pleasure, but he cannot escape a feeling of wonder and admiration for the few thousand men who endured this ordeal that the people at home might live their lives in safety. Mr. Sherrod points out emphatically that we had great superiority in sea, air, and weapon power when we started fighting on Saipan. His observations are ample evidence that, without superior morale, training, and leadership, material superiority is no assurance of victory.

ART EXHIBITIONS

FEBRUARY

AKRON, OHIO

Art Institute: Modern Architecture for the Modern School, to Feb. 17; If You're Going to Build a House, The Lesson of War Housing, Planning the Modern Home, Look at Your Neighborhood, Akron City Planning, City Planning, to Feb. 22; Integrated Building, Feb. 7-28.

ALBANY, N.Y.

Institute of History and Art: Painting in Canada, to Mar. 10; 6th American Drawing Annual, Feb. 14- Mar. 10.

ATLANTA, GA.

Art Association and High Museum: Your Doctor Speaks (Upjohn Co. and Midtown Galleries, N. Y.), through Feb.

AUBURN, N.Y.

Cayuga Museum: Paintings by Frank C. Kirk; Historical Exhibit, Hats in History; Health Exhibit, Modern Medicine; Modern Prints, Popular Photography, all, through Feb.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: Paintings by Raoul Dufy, Prints by Daumier, to Feb. 24; Definitions, Caricatures by Aline Fruhauf, to Feb. 28. Annual All Maryland Artists Exhibition, to Mar. 3; 19th and 20th Century French Paintings, current.
Walters Gallery: Jewelry, to Feb. 16.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Cranbrook Academy: 1st Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary Textiles and Ceramics, Ancient Peruvian Textiles (from Textile Museum of the District of Columbia), Selected Textiles from the Museum Textile Coll., through Feb.

BOSTON, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Zoë Oliver Sherman Collection, to Feb. 24.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Albright Art Gallery: Feininger and Hartley, to Feb. 17; Buffalo Society of Artists, Monochrome Show, Feb. 4-24.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fogg Art Museum: Treasures from the Islamic Collection, French Paintings, through Feb. 28; Graphic Work of Edvard Munch, Feb. 5 through Mar. 19; Graphic Work of Paul Gauguin, Feb. 5 through Mar. 30.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: Calvin Albert, Egon P. Weiner, Exhibition of Drawings, through Feb.; Bellows, to Mar. 10; Looking at Sculpture, through June 1.
Associated American Artists: James Chapin, Feb. 6-25; First Anniversary Show-Thomas Benton, Feb. 27-Mar. 16.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Modern Art Society: Before, During, and After (Veteran's Show), to Feb. 25; Moholy-Nagy Exhibit, Feb. 12-Mar. 18.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: 17th Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paint-

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ings, Recent Accessions in Prints, through Feb. 17; Paintings by Buffalo Artists, through Feb. 24; Lithographs of Toulouse-Lautrec, Feb. 20-Mar. 31; Paul Strand, Photographs 1915-1945 (Museum of Modern Art), to April 1.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Fine Arts Center: Prints and Drawings by Stanley Hayter, Sculpture by Marion Buchan, Southwestern Indian Pottery (Taylor Museum), through Feb.

COLUMBIA, S.C.

University of S.C. Library: Paintings by Emma Taber, Feb. 3-15; Paintings by Caroline Guignard, Feb. 18-Mar. 2.

DENVER, COLO.

Art Museum: Chappell House Galleries—Questions of Taste in Art, to Feb. 24. City and County Building—Drawings by Augustus John, to Feb. 25.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Art Gallery: Annual Print Competition of the Friends of American Art, Feb. 11-Mar. 1.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Washington County Museum: Cumberland Valley Artists' Annual, to Feb. 24.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Wadsworth Atheneum: Loan Exhibit of Silver, through Feb. Tapestry Hall of the Morgan Memorial—18th Annual Exhibition of the Hartford Society of Women Painters, through Feb. 17.

HUNTINGTON, L.I.

Heckscher Museum: American Landscape Painting of the 19th Century, through Mar. 21.

JACKSON, MISS.

Municipal Art Gallery: Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings, through Feb. 28.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Advertising Art (Art Directors' Club of Chicago), through Feb.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Art Center Association: French Graphic Arts, to Feb. 26.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

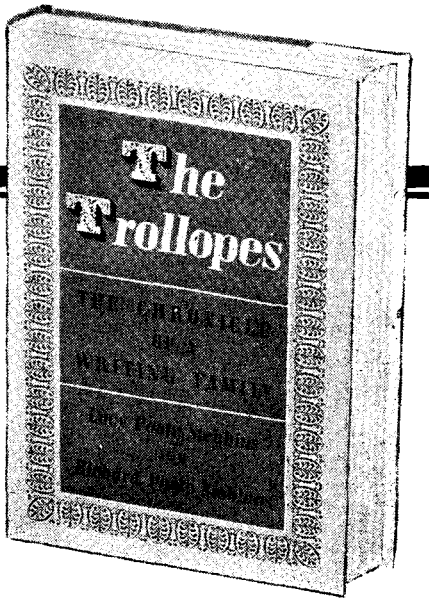
Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Paintings by Marjorie Liebman, to Feb. 13; Paintings by Tennessee Artists, Feb. 15-26; Small Bronzes by Anna Hyatt Huntington, to Feb. 26.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: 10th Annual Exhibition of Milwaukee Printmakers, 27th Annual Exhibition of Wisconsin Designer-Craftsmen, Cleveland Traveling Oil Exhibition, Kandinsky Memorial Exhibition, Feb. 13-Mar. 10.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: French School of Painting (lent by the French Government), to Feb. 28; Paris, 1945. Paintings by Floyd and Gladys Rockmore Davis (lent by *Life* Magazine), Feb. 12-28.
University Gallery: National Serigraph Exhibition, to Feb. 15; Hints and Ideas for your Home, California Watercolor Society, to Feb. 20.
Walker Art Center: Ideas for Better Living, through Feb.; Sculpture and



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Drawings by Alonzo Hauser, Feb. 24-March 24.

MONTCLAIR, N.J.

Art Museum: New Homes for Montclair Citizens, Architectural Prints from the Museum's collections, Feb. 17-Mar. 10.

NEWARK, N.J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Veterans' Show, through Feb. 16; Lay Member Award Show, Feb. 18 through 23.
Museum: Changing Tastes in Painting and Sculpture, through early Spring. Print Exhibition, various media, through early March.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Introduction to Modern Sculpture (Museum of Modern Art), Feb. 10-24; Fifty Artists and Walkowitz (Amer. Fed. of Arts), Feb. 13-Mar. 6.

NEW YORK CITY

A.C.A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: I. Rice Pereira, Feb. 4-23; Benjamin Kopman, Feb. 11-Mar. 2.
American-British Art Center, 44 W. 56 St.: Paintings and Drawings by Kenneth Callahan, Feb. 4-23.
An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.: New Oils and Pastels—1945—by Georgia O'Keeffe, Feb. 4-April 7.
Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Helen Shotwell, Elaine Auchmoody, Prints by Helen Miller, Feb. 4-16; Paintings by Katherine Bertram, Marguerita Gibbons, and Ethel Paxson, Feb. 18-Mar. 2.
Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Gertrude Abercrombie, to Feb. 6; Robert Philipp, Feb. 7-23; Nicolai Cikovsky, Feb. 25-Mar. 16.
Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Lewis Daniel, to Feb. 9; 19th and 20th Century American Artists, Feb. 11-Mar. 2.
Charles Barzansky Galleries, 664 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Harriet Fitzgerald, to Feb. 16.
Brandt Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Hedda Sterne, to Feb. 9; Morris Davidson, Feb. 11-23; Leopold and Kupferman, Feb. 25-Mar. 16.
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: 5000 Years of Fibers and Fabrics, to Mar. 31; Pre-Columbian Gold, Silver, and Jade, Feb. 17,; Polish Prints, to Mar. 3; Chinese Furniture, Feb. 21-Mar. 31.
Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Recent Work by Lyonel Feininger, to Feb. 23; Graham Sutherland, Feb. 26-Mar. 23.
Carroll Carstairs Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Rudolph Pen, Feb. 11 through Mar. 2.
Contemporary Arts, Inc., 106 E. 57 St.: Briggs Dyer, through Feb.
Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: Retrospective Exhibition of gouaches, watercolors, and drawings by Stuart Davis, to Feb. 16; David Fredenthal, (War Paintings, Jugoslavia, from *Life* Magazine), Feb. 19-Mar. 2.
Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Milton Avery, Feb. 4 through 28.
Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.: De Hirsh Margules, through Feb. 9; Group Show, Margules, Mariano, Pelc, and Vytlacil, Feb. 11-28.
Galerie Neuf, 342 E. 79 St.: Mildred Koffler, Carol Bernard, Clara Kramer, to Feb. 20; Ruby Barco, Ruth Dennis, Feb. 20-Mar. 20.
Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 St.: Georges Rouault, Feb. 19-Mar. 23.
Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: H. Dudley Murphy Memorial Exhibition, Feb. 5-16; Watercolors by Alois Fabry, Jr., Feb. 19-Mar. 2.
Grand Central Art Galleries, Branch, 55 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Gene Alden Walker, Feb. 4 through 16.
Grolier Club, 47 E. 60 St.: Etchings by John Taylor Arms, to Mar. 10.
Arthur H. Harlow and Co., 42 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Walton Blodgett, to Feb. 28.
Hugo Gallery, 26 E. 55 St.: Corrado Cagli, to Feb. 19.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MENAGERIE *Jeremy Lane* (Phoenix: $2.)	Scientist dies in strange laboratory. Midst roaring animals sleuth Whit Wheat stalks the killer.	Frenzied mixture of "science," crime, emotional outbursts and lurid action—especially at finish.	Hectic!
IF A BODY KILL A BODY *Peter Mortimer* (Mystery House: $2.)	*Crime passionel* in small town excites curiosity of two reporters—male and female—who ferret it all out.	Long drawn out courtroom scenes and foggy plot put it in an easily discarded class.	No-no!
THE CASE OF THE MALEVOLENT TWINS *Lois Eby and John C. Fleming* (Dutton: $2.)	Oregon hunting lodge scene of some queer doings by odd characters. Detective Stone clears up murder and other violent goings on.	Something about millionaire's wastrel twin brother killing him and then impersonating him, about Haitian cook, (voodoo) . . . all very confusing.	Irritating
MURDER WITHIN MURDER *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.)	Sodium fluoriding of super-righteous spinster in N. Y. Public Library directly involves the Norths and Lt. Weigand.	Well-plotted and suspenseful—though less exuberant than earlier Norths.	Standard Brand

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Kleemann Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: Paintings, photogravures, and posters by Robert Jay Wolff and Gyorgy Kepes, to Feb. 28.

Knoedler and Co., 14 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Edy Legrand, Feb. 4 through 23.

Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Still life and figure paintings by Byron Browne, through Feb. 9; Gouaches and paintings by William Baziotes, Feb. 11 through Mar. 2.

Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by John Koch, Feb. 4-23; Paintings by Ernst Halberstadt, Feb. 25-Mar. 16.

Mortimer Levitt Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Recent oils by Seymour Fogel, through Feb.

Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Maurice Grosser through Feb. 16; Paintings by Arshile Gorky, Feb. 19 through Mar. 9.

Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Artemesis Drefs, through Feb. 15.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings and watercolors by Herbert Meyer, to Feb. 16.

Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Marc Chagall, Feb. 5 through Mar. 2.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: The Helena Woolworth McCann Collection of Chinese Lowestoft, European Drawings, opening Feb. 8; Chinese Ceremonial Bronzes, through Mar. 10; Recent Accessions in the American Wing, Prints of the Time of the Counter-Reformation, Old Mexican Pottery, closings indefinite. Junior Museum, Paul Revere and The Horse, continuing. Cloisters, Angels of the Lord, through Mar. 3.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: 14th Anniversary Group Exhibition, through Feb. 16; Paintings by Henry Billings, Feb. 19 through Mar. 9.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Alexandra Pregel, to Feb. 16; Lillian H. Singer Memorial Exhibition, Feb. 18-Mar. 2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. between 103rd and 104th St.: We Cover "The New Yorker", through Mar. 25; "All the Grown-Ups" (The Story of Evening Elementary Schools), Feb. 7-Mar. 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Museum of Modern Art Framed Color Reproductions, to Feb. 10; Dance and Theater Design, through Feb. 17; Creative Art by American Children, to be sent to Soviet Russia, to March 3; Edward Weston, photographs, Feb. 13-Mar. 31; Arts of the South Seas, to May 19.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54 St.: Hilla Rebay, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others, through Feb. 15.

National Academy, Fifth Ave. at 90 St.: 79th Annual American Watercolor Society, to Feb. 24.

New Age Gallery, 138 W. 15 St.: Group Show, Watercolors, gouaches, and prints, to Feb. 16; Albert Abramowitz, Feb. 24-Mar. 16.

Newhouse Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Flower Paintings and Landscapes by Jane Peterson, to Feb. 15.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 95th Anniversary of the death of John J. Audubon, watercolors, oils, and prints, to July 14.

Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Gordon Onslow-Ford, to Feb. 15; Paintings by Charles Howard, Feb. 15-Mar. 10.

Niveau Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Paintings of New Orleans by Samuel Koch, Feb. 2 through 19.

Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Watercolors and drawings by Victor Tischler, to Feb. 9; Gouaches by Vladimir Boberman, Feb. 11-Mar. 2.

Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: John Masteller, to Feb. 23.

Paul Rosenberg and Co.: 16 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Milton Avery, Feb. 4-28.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: 1946 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture, Watercolors, and Drawings, Feb. 5-Mar. 13.

Wildenstein and Co., 19 E. 64 St.: Goya—Bicentenary Exhibition, Feb. 27-Mar. 30.

PALM BEACH, FLA.

Society of the Four Arts: French Impressionist Exhibition, Feb. 15 through Mar. 17.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pennsylvaina Academy of the Fine Arts: 141st Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, to Mar. 3. *Art Alliance:* Modern Textile Design and Decorative Textiles, Dorothy and Hugh Hutton, to Feb. 14; Iver Rose, Josef Scharl, Morris Graves (tempera), Cret Memorial Exhibition, to Feb. 17; Decorative Textiles, to Feb. 24; Walter Reinsel, from Jan. 30; Industrial Design by Joseph B. Federico, to Mar. 1; Oils, watercolors, and prints by Jeannette M. Kohn, Feb. 15-Mar. 14; Modern Art in Advertising (Container Corporation of America), Feb. 15-Mar. 16.

Museum of Art: Franklyn Watkins and Arthur B. Carles, Feb. 17-Mar. 17.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Lithographs by Honoré Daumier, lent by the Wiggin Collection of the Public Library of Boston, to Feb. 20; Paintings and

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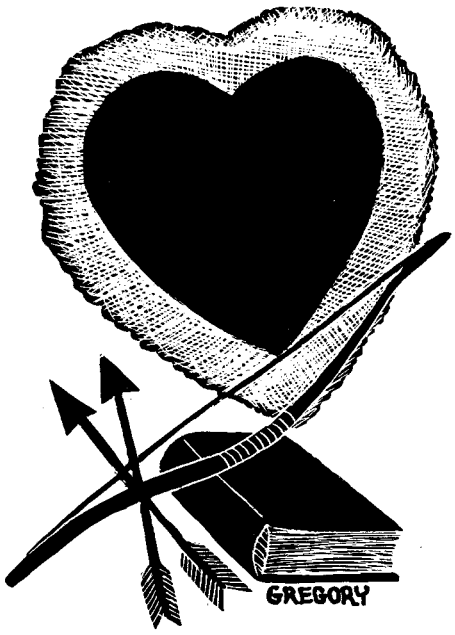

Prints from the Collection of Charles J. Rosenbloom, Feb. 7-Mar. 24.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Maurice Becker (Lent by Macbeth Gallery), Feb. 7-28.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Oriental Rugs from the Hirsch Collection, Old Master Drawings from the Collection of LeRoy Backus, continuing.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Museum of Art: Museum's Choice, Feb. 6-28.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Junior League: Printmakers' Society of California, through Feb.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Paintings by David Vaughan, National Serigraph Society Exhibition, Pottery by Wildenhain, Paintings by Dent Robinson, through Feb.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Museum of Art: 10th Annual San Francisco Art Association Exhibition of Drawings and Prints, Feb. 13-Mar. 10.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Art Museum: Art of India, current; Pre-Inca Textiles, Pre-Inca Pottery, Paintings by Peter Camfferman, Old Master Drawings (LeRoy M. Backus Collection), Feb. 7-Mar. 3.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Dwight Art Memorial: Contemporary American Paintings, Feb. 4-20; "From Sketch to Stage" (Museum of Modern Art), Feb. 23-Mar. 16.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Vincent Smith Art Gallery: George Inness, Feb. 25 through Mar. 24.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Museum of Fine Arts: Encyclopedia Britannica Exhibition, Feb. 15-Mar. 15.

TULSA, OKLA.

Philbrook Art Center: Group Show, Portraits of Americans, Serigraphs by Guy MacCoy and Geno Petit, Paintings by Treva Mills, Philbrook Print Collection, Feb. 5-Mar. 3.

UTICA, N.Y.

Munson-Williams Proctor Institute: 9th Annual Exhibition of Work by Artists of Utica and Central New York, Art work by Children of Utica Public Schools, Paintings by American Artists, 6th Annual Color Print Society Exhibition (American Color Print Society, Philadelphia), Photographs from the Photographic Society of America, Pageant of the Pacific, Miguel Covarrubias, through Feb.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Corcoran Gallery: Watercolors by Donald H. Robertson, Feb. 10 through Mar. 3; 50th Annual Exhibition of the Washington Watercolor Club, Feb. 10 through Mar. 6.

National Gallery: New additions to the Kress Collection, from Feb. 2; Prints by Hogarth and Rowlandson from the Rosenwald Collection, from Feb. 10.

WICHITA, KAN.

Art Association Galleries: Watercolors by Albert Bloch, Memorial for Carl Werntz, to Feb. 28.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Lawrence Art Museum: Contemporary American Oils (Midtown Gallery), through Feb.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Early American Lithographs, to Feb. 28; Artists and Craftsmen of Worcester County, Feb. 14-Mar. 17.

A Narrow Sky

By Sister Mary Jeremy

ELSEWHERE no doubt wind stained the quiet waters
Of pools that stirred and wrinkled under the sun.
The last ice-needles melted one by one,
And water-hens led out their sons and daughters.
But here a pale grey sky let blue seep through,
Below upon the roofs a gold light lay;
The sun that shed so unforeseen a ray
Rose secretly, it seemed, for all the view
Was checked by walls. And yet the living blue
Answered for every loss of depth or range
In skies too narrow for impressive change,
And by the ivy quaintest shadows grew.
It was enough. And this clean frugal sky
Would brim with night, gold-spangled, by and by.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
DEBUSSY, Danse sacrée; Danse profane. Ravel, Introduction and Allegro, Grandjany (harp), Victor String Orch. Levin VM 1021 (3) $3.50	Good balance between harp and orch.	A	B—A irreg.	Early Ravel, mature Debussy; two harp works for all lovers of Impressionism. Grandjany first rate.
MILHAUD, Protée—Symphonic Suite #2, San Francisco Symphony, Monteux VM 1027 (3) $3.50*	Solo instruments beautifully clear.	AA	A	Rich, dissonant 1920 score easily digested today—more to it than 1937 *Provençale Suite.*

THE non-tabloid section of this department has been more fully occupied with the technical aspects of recording than was intended, and in future issues the balance will be restored. Music criticism, criticism of content, is still the primary aim, since that is the ultimate interest of the listener. I intend also to widen the range to include occasional reviews of popular and folk music, and what will interest many *SRL* readers, recordings of the spoken word. I expect to acquire guest collaborators who know more than I do in these fields.

But before leaving the engineering side of the record business, a few explanations are in order concerning the column headings above, which are arbitrary, and subject to change.

Balance. This column (not always used) refers to the relative volume and quality in the recording of two or more elements in the performance—factors which may have nothing whatsoever to do with the actual sound of the music in the studio. Examples are the balance between soloist and the orchestra, between singer and piano accompaniment, between violin and piano in a sonata, even between solo passages and the general orchestral *tutti* in a work for orchestra alone, since this factor seems to differ rather strikingly in different recordings.

Beyond the matter of relative volume, which is subject to incredible distortion on some records, there is that of apparent nearness or distance from the listener, often more significant than the actual volume of sound. Some singers (Flagstad in her Wagner recordings) sound at an apparent distance of perhaps two feet; others seem to be at a much greater distance, as in a concert hall. These factors, which are entirely in the hands of the technicians, have an immense effect on the musical value of a recording, and are subject to wide variation.

Realism. An effect of aliveness and perspective in the sound of a recording, which is quite independent of the musical performance. Many first-rate performances have suffered from dull, lifeless recording, and a poor performance musically may well get a recording too good for it. Realism and perspective are the result of many technical factors, including acoustics, fidelity of the recording equipment, the dynamic range on the record (*not* necessarily that of the performance) as well as the placing and control of microphones. Anyone familiar with records knows how greatly this sense of realism has been increased in the last fifteen years of recording, and even in the last few months. Needless to say, many old records rating low in realism are still collector's items thanks to the music itself.

Surface. The extraneous noise under this heading is independent of the recording process; it concerns the final printing or pressing, and is a function principally of the material used. Pressings sometimes vary from record to record, and the ratings given above apply to the individual copy heard by the reviewer. Surface noise not only irritates but obscures soft passages in the music and obliterates overtones which add to the realism of the sound. Sometimes the *rhythm* of the surface noise is an extra irritant for sensitive musicians. The greater realism of plastic records is largely due to the reduction in surface noise.

Finally, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that considerations of musical excellence may easily outweigh every sort of technical deficiency.

No jury would acquit *Serena Wilson* after the mass of evidence against her is presented. Her fingerprints the unexplained letter, the poison, and her behavior at the hospital and in the drug store. Everyone in town was convinced of her guilt—everyone except young *Dr. Rawley.* But whereas he knew the truth about many of the damning facts, he could not prove anything in a court.

Naturally, *Dr. Rawley* had been primarily motivated by his love of *Serena.* Theirs was a love which both had tried to keep from breaking forth into a fire of passion, and they had been treading the dangerous ground of their emotions and the psychopathic reactions of her husband's, *Charles Wilson's,* unbalanced mind.

When *Dr. Rawley* saw one chance of saving Serena from conviction for the death of her husband he realized that it meant the compromising of everything his life had been built around and his professional reputation. His decision at this point marks the climax of the book.

It is refreshing to pick up a book of the calibre and personality of DANGEROUS GROUND. The peace and quiet of the town of Fairbridge where *Dr. Rawley* went to settle into a pleasant practice is portrayed as a soft background to the sharply real people who move through the growing tension of the emotional crisis and tragic happenings. This is not a "corpse-a-page" thriller with a stalking menace, but a nerve tingling novel with the chief characters struggling through the quicksands of intrigue and murder.

This February Crime Club Selection is the first novel of Francis Sill Wickware, although he is well known as a magazine writer. There is in it a craftsmanship which one rarely finds in a first novel: the style is smooth, the characterizations sound, and the plot is well knit. DANGEROUS GROUND is a romanti mystery which stands head and shoulders above the usual run of mystery books—and we hope for additional splendid books by Mr. Wickware in the future.

The Gunman

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the Phoenix Nest

THERE are a whole lot of people who know more about industry and labor unions, management and workers, than I do; but I do know that the present industrial upheaval has profound implications, and reasons that reach deep into American society. We are not doing a good human job in America, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, because we have every reason to be doing one, and we certainly have the brains and the common sense. The other day, January 18 to be exact, in the newspaper *PM*, I read on their page titled "Opinion" the text of a radio address delivered at the Town Hall meeting broadcast over ABC the night before. The speech was made by Millard Lampell, former sergeant in the Army Air Forces, and author of a forthcoming book, "The Long Way Home," and for real straight shooting his "What Does the Returning GI Expect at Home?" seems to me to deserve being read by everybody. I wish they'd make a pamphlet of it and distribute it widely.

In a way, Mr. Lampell's honest, refreshing speech suggested some bits in the following lines, which I have given their title because so many New Yorkers are commuters, as I was for years, and read their papers and argue about the news on their daily trains. But no one is responsible for my views but myself.

One more word. I was struck the other day by a remark over the radio by J. Raymond Walsh. It was the mild inquiry, "Why do they always speak of Labor Trouble and never of Management Trouble?" Practically the whole press of the nation, including *The New York Times*, is on the side of Management, so naturally I'm just being a crank. But here goes:

SONNETS FOR A COMMUTERS' SPECIAL

You say the President should not step in,
Sacrosanct Management not be touched at all. . . .
If they refuse to bargain, won't play ball,
And just sit tight because they're sure to win,
Because they have the money and the power
And to the labor argument present
Merely their boot-soles, reading, with evident
Obliviousness, the comics, hour by hour—

If they say merely, "This is what we'll pay.
If you don't like it, strike!" (that's what they say
In substance) you grow purple and deplore
Not *their* contumacy, but Labor's nerve.
"They got the bargaining that they deserve!"
But is that all Labor is fighting for?

The real rock-bottom issue is as plain
As the plain people: a job at decent wage,
Without paternalism or patronage,
That meets the cost of living and can sustain
A family's self-respect; a decent place
To hang your hat; have children; under God
Make yourself more than a robot or a clod;
Be a real member of the human race.

Is that so much to ask, when corporations
Bulge with their profits and their bonds and stocks?
What is it in the human mind that mocks
Fair play, till foul disaster shakes the nations?
What is it that will not reason, will not plan,
Will not respect the dignity of Man?

It costs so much to live; it costs so much
To raise a family. Above your head
Hangs still the old disabling human dread
Of age and illness. Others keep their clutch
On the employed because the unemployed,
Many and needy, persist on every hand.
Supply thus beautifully meets Demand—
The perfect balance that must not be destroyed!
Cheap labor and big profits, that's prosperity!
Let the rest perish or rot! Have no dubiety,
That's the old jungle law of our society—
Substantially, an eternal verity!
No ceiling on our prices, or the enjoyment
Of what we make—ignore all unemployment.

Sometimes, America, you seem to me
Typified by the gambler and the sport
Of the Mississippi steamboat, with a quart
In his hip-pocket, and a fancy-free
Skin-'em-alive and wolfish gaiety—
The poker-player of that famed resort,
The old Last Chance saloon, still glad to thwart
Any approach to rationality.

You live in legend, you rejoice in myth.
Our highly-colored chimeras, how we love them,
Though a world starve! But can we rise above them
Even to recognize as kin and kith
The homeless veteran, the mere man who bids
For a decent job to keep his wife and kids?

Or will our manufacturers remain
Forever in the sport and gambler class
Trusting to luck on what they may amass,
Reeling like drunkards in a golden rain,
Repulsing, with cries of agonizing pain,

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 138

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 138 will be found in the next issue.

AWS AIQS BNDAICTA ESAVSSD

TBFSDBS CDR JGAW FT JNIS

DSCIHG ANQBWSR VWSD VS

TCG AWCA TBFSDBS CHNDS

FT BCXCEHS NY KSIFYFBCA-

FND. — XWFHNTNXWG NY

TCDACGCDC (ISCTND FD

TBFSDBS)—L. TCDACGCDC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 137

POOR WHIMS OF FANCY, TENDER AND UN-HARSH. THEY ARE THE ENEMY TO BITTERNESS AND REGRET, AND SWEETEN THIS EXILE WE HAVE BROUGHT UPON OURSELVES.

—DAPHNE DU MAURIER

—REBECCA.

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Demands from workers whom the system pinches—
System? What system? Do we grow by inches
Through endless years dwarf stature to attain?

Pontifically our journals of "good will"
Anoint and crown free private enterprise
And *laissez faire*. Has God in Heaven not eyes
To oversee and save his children still
No matter what they do, how deaf and dumb
They choose to be, till Atom's kingdom come!

Drone on, drone on, great editorial We!
Shout, huge advertisements, in all the papers!
Make monkeys of the strikers cutting capers.
They love to strike, enjoy to disagree!
They'd seize the plants, and don't known ABC
About the business. Of course they're always wrong!
They'd better get back and stay where they belong.
Say, isn't this the Country of the Free?

The Country of the Free! I saw the sun
Light endless fields of grain. I saw the bread
Of life destroyed while millions went unfed,
Unhoused, ill-clothed. I saw injustice done
Negro and Jew; heard apes in Congress rant
Age-old pernicious blather and stale cant.

The Country of the Free! Yes, a great land.
Thank God that I have known it East to West
And North to South, and still I love it best
Of all the various world the seas command.
I have known Americans of finest grain,
Honest and fearless, humorous and keen.
Beauty beyond all purchase I have seen
In the human spirit's eminent domain.

And shoulder to shoulder now I know they stand:
Our valiant dead and all our valiant living
To vivify with giving and forgiving
This Country of the Free, the impartial land
That it might be; with heart and mind and nerve
Its many-in-one to strengthen and preserve.

I will not see it a pen for bleating sheep
Watched by sly wolves; or, in the new dark ages,
Industrial feudal lords dispensing wages
Each from his fief and his baronial keep,
While small stockholders pull their caps and scrape
Their little crumbs of dividends together,
And are told they are the Owners, and wonder whether
They are caught in some strange nightmare past escape.

I will not think enormous trusts—and what
A word is Trust!—can rack this land asunder
To disunited states, and harrow under
Plain human rights, all benefits forgot
Of human toil, of the great heart and hand
That bound the continent they call Their Land.

Land of huge fortunes and stupendous luck,
Landgraves, manorial lords, the privateers
(A golden sound in Israel Thorndike's ears!),
Railroads and banks and trusts that ran amuck,
Seizure of public earth, monopoly,
Titanic names like Vanderbilt and Gould,
Astor and Morgan, and other great, who ruled
For many a year the Country of the Free—

With all your passion for the picturesque,
With all your freedom for the Ragged Dicks
To climb, by industry or politics,
To wealth or fame, the picture grows grotesque
Now, in this age, when, whatsoe'er the weather,
We must fairly live together or die together.

Labor is a new giant? Yes, it's true.
And, "What did you expect?" seems a fair question;
And even if it gives you indigestion,
Are giants in this land so strange to you?
"Captains of Industry" made quite a few;
The Oil King and the Banker and the Scot.
Giants must Have; The Others must Have Not.
How feels the foot inside the other shoe?

Well, Gamblers, will you gamble? Will you say,
"Let's really get together; join our strength;
Not waste in civil war! The world at length
Is due for a big new housecleaning day.
For human rights—come on—let's stake our pride!
World, we are moving—all tin-horns stand aside!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 619)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC: No. 620

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 43 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Long-handled medieval weapon with a long convex edge.
B. A close-fitting, usually double-breasted, jacket.
C. Unequal-sided (Biol.)
D. Ancient or antique (Bib. origin).
E. Famous diamond, surrendered to the British Crown in the Punjab, 1849.
F. Woolly.
G. Go away; be off (Slang, Brit.)
H. Aztec hero of a deluge myth; husband of Nana.
I. Low chirping notes.
J. Yield of any commodity, esp. of manufactured goods.
K. Of the waist, slender.
L. An excessive, unwarranted request or burden.
M. Laid aside (Comp.)
N. Supple; flexible.
O. Very small quantities or degrees.
P. The infernal regions.
Q. To study absorbedly (U.S.; 2 wds.)
R. Actor born in London whose interpretation of Hamlet as a man of action was influential (1824-79).
S. Umpired.
T. A host whose identity is in doubt (origin in Gr. Myth.)
U. Knotted.
V. Having acute mental penetration (Comp.)
W. A disease of the sweet orange, called also "scaly bark" in Florida.
X. Pledged (an item or such).
Y. Roving.

WORDS

24 104 165 134 75 175 38 130

77 135 142 36 151 27

128 100 152 172 162 74 71 106 94 16

50 164 101 158 46 48 181 21

22 47 4 33 99 51 37 57

166 25 82 23 107 15

121 174 49 168 89

129 169 119 137

70 163 153 112 126 149

28 64 115 131 148 3

52 56 8 140 10 32 19

5 41 123 117 59 159 66 13 98 35

113 160 176 96 124 29 62

43 146 31 127 63 1 84

116 34 18 144 125

72 105 78 145 6 53 161

180 60 93 136 139 17 170 68 85

61 110 143 88 73 171 177

111 91 87 2 141 44 67 83

80 109 42 103 20 9 65 102 120 157

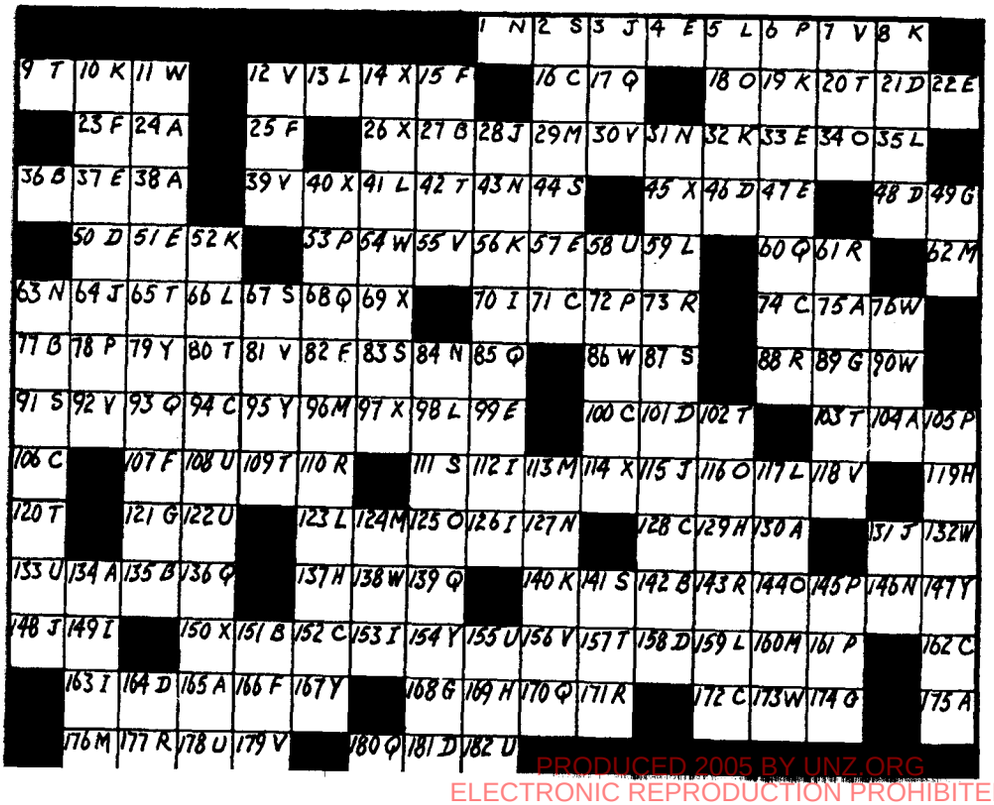
182 108 155 133 122 178 58

7 30 156 118 55 81 12 39 179 92

132 76 54 138 86 90 173 11

97 14 26 114 45 69 40 150

154 147 79 95 167



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IT was most pleasant to meet recently Mr. and Mrs. David S. Stern, Elkins Park, Pa., on to New York for a brief change. Both on the side are composers of light verse. You may recall about a year ago the publication in the *SRL* of an amusing poem by Mr. Stern in protest against being disturbed for DC's when he needed sleep, and her equally clever rejoinder in this column later. Mrs. S. is a most comfortable DCer, taking whatever comes and liking everything—so she says.

Although I haven't had time to look it over critically, I am glad to receive through Morris Needleman, a DCer, and one of the collaborators of the publication, the new handy "Outline of American Literature," companion volume to the two similar ones on English literature (Barnes and Noble). I still have somewhere among my effects a meagre little outline pamphlet of American literature, compiled by Katherine Lee Bates for a brief course in that subject she gave us almost a half century ago and for which no adequate textbook was available. It has been most useful through the years.

I was just beginning to wonder what had become of our poet, Elizabeth Underhill, when along comes the following, titled "To Dear Mrs. Kingsley in a Flippant Mood, Mine Not Hers":

Oh where, oh where has our *owt-chah* gone,
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Through years of DC's he's weathered the course.
Oh where, oh where is he?
I just love that hound—he's from Russia, of course—
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Though he's awful to spell and as big as a horse,
Oh where, oh where is he?
Please bring back that doggie of dynamic force—
Oh where, oh where can he be?
I'm sure all *true* puzzlers my plea will endorse—
Oh where, oh where can he be????

Samuel D. Davis, San Francisco, writes to inquire the source of Kipling's "We and They" (DC #614), for although he has been a student of Kipling since college days he has never come across it. That was my experience until I found it in that choice "Definitive Edition of Kipling," 1945 (highly prized for itself and as a gift from the *SRL* when I happened to mention a craving for it last year). It is also to be found in his volume "Debits and Credits" after, I think, the story "A Friend of the Family." I hope that you will all read the whole poem, for it is de-li-cious!

Lt. Commander USN (Ret.) P. W. Yeatman is another who has called my attention to the mistake in regard to Abel P. Upshur. He says that there is or was a destroyer named for Upshur. Now, at least, if you meet it you will have heard of the one for whom it is named.

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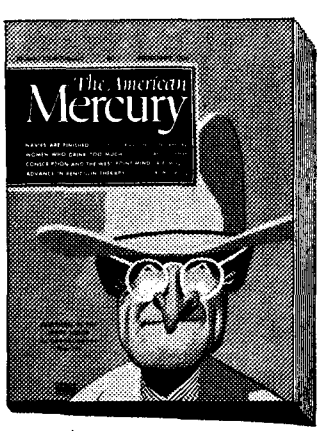
NAVIES ARE FINISHED

How much did Sea Power contribute to winning the war? Why, in spite of the skill and heroism of carrier plane pilots, did 96% of all the bombs that rocked Japan's home islands drop from the bellies of Army aircraft? What will be the place of navies in the next war? The whole future security of America may depend on getting realistic answers to these questions ... Let Alexander P. de Seversky, outstanding authority on air power, show you why *navies are finished.* Just returned from an eight-month inspection tour of the European and Pacific theatres as special consultant to the Secretary of War, Major de Seversky demonstrates convincingly why the carrier is as obsolete as the dreadnaught — and why our projected seven-fleet navy is simply an invitation to disaster. You must read his eye-opening article, "Navies Are Finished," in the February AMERICAN MERCURY.

CONSCRIPTION and the West Point Mind

Should West Point — which defeated even General MacArthur's efforts to imbue a democratic flavor into it — have a year's free hand with America's youngsters? That is precisely what would happen if we go through with present compulsory military training plans. Before you give support to glib phrases like "discipline is good for the boys," take a look at the spirit of blind acceptance, rigid caste stratification and petrified thinking that typifies West Point and those whom it molds. Read "Conscription And The West Point Mind" by Arthur E. Morgan, noted educator, engineer and author.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY — for February — NOW ON SALE



Don't conclude from these articles that the February MERCURY is preponderantly military in its outlook. It offers the same diversified bill of appetizing fare as always. *Everyman In The White House* is a searching and entertaining profile of President Truman ... *Women Who Drink Too Much* spotlights the tragically growing class of women alcoholics, and examines some case histories ... *France, Salesman of Democracy* by Andre Visson stresses France's genuine republican spirit and its importance to a democratic Europe ... James Finucane reveals *What's Wrong With Our GIs Abroad* ... Stanley Walker tells *What Makes A Good Reporter* ... *The Prophet Jehudi* is the story of the man who, in the 1820's, foresaw the Civil War and gave his life to the plan to buy freedom for the slaves and transport them to Liberia ... *Advance in Penicillin Therapy* explains the important new methods of administering drugs by inhalation ... *Speech of The Narcotic Underworld* gives a remarkable picture of illicit drug traffic by translating its strange vocabulary ... and Joe Laurie, Jr. turns back the clock in *The Early Days of Vaudeville.* In the regular departments, George Jean Nathan cracks down on propaganda in *The Theatre,* Alan Devoe debunks the dragon-fly in *Down to Earth,* and Charles Angoff presides in *The Library.*

Open Letter to The New Yorker

Dear New Yorker: That was an impressive list of quotations you published in The Talk of The Town not long ago. You show clearly that more and more of our leaders are turning their thoughts toward the surrender of sovereignty to achieve world peace through a true world government. The list, however, is incomplete. May we point out that the very first expression of this idea to appear in any major publication was Emery Reves's article in the May, 1945 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY? Ordinarily the omission wouldn't be serious. But in the matter of *this* idea, which will eventually find its niche in history, we'd like the record clear.

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Lawrence E. Spivak PUBLISHER

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